

FOUR ESSAYISTS

BACON

ADDISON

GOLDSMITH

LAMB



FRANCIS BACON

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BACON ADDISON
GOLDSMITH LAMB

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INTRODUCTION

THE Essay is one of the glories of English literature, but it was not English in origin. It was a French nobleman who first used the word "essay" in its literary sense, namely, Michel Sieur de Montaigne who, after eighteen years' service in the Parliament of Bordeaux, retired to his Château of Montaigne in Dordogne to write about himself and the world as he had observed it.

He did so in a series of disconnected papers of various lengths which, on publication in volume form, he explained were not formal or even very serious discourses or treatises, but simply experiments or attempts or, in short, *essais* in the generally accepted meaning of that familiar French word. His book was, therefore, given the title of *Essais*, and so was coined a new literary term. Here was a fresh type of writing in which the writer could go as he pleased, as all true essay writers have done ever since.

It is true and regrettable that the name of this fresh literary form has often been misapplied. Montaigne's *Essais* were of a specially intimate personal character. When he writes, for example, "Of Constancie," by which he means Fortitude or Resolution, he is reflecting upon that virtue or quality from an individual point of view. He writes :

"I cannot chuse, if the cracke of a musket do suddenly streake mine eares in a place where I least looke for it, but I must needs starte at it ; which I have seene happen to men of better sorte than my selfe." *

* Florio's translation, 1603.

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This is no "treatise" or "article" or "thesis" or "monograph" or "address" or "lecture" or "review" or "criticism," but a loosely-connected seemingly formless gossiping, and therefore intensely interesting attempt or *essai*. And those later English writers who, like Macaulay and many others, used the word Essay to cover their long didactic, argumentative literary or scientific outpourings were guilty of misappropriation. The true essayist is free to survey the universal realm of thought, but he is himself at its centre; and it is to this self-revelation that the real essay owes its attraction, value, and popularity. It is no pale ghost of abstraction, but a thing of flesh and blood.

Francis Bacon was the first of our native writers who took up the challenge of the man to whom he refers as Montaigny,* who was his contemporary,† and, like himself, a "man of law" and a public counsellor who had made contacts over a long period with men of all kinds and conditions. Bacon is less intimate, less naïvely self-revealing, more formal, terse and sententious than his French exemplar, who needs room to move about; but he is always individual, and if the character he reveals, consciously and unconsciously, is less attractive than that of his predecessor that is no present concern of ours. He might with honesty have echoed Montaigne's prefatory words, "If my object had been to seek the world's favour I should have decked myself with borrowed ornaments." But he was not capable of Montaigne's final gesture, "Thus Reader, I am myself the subject of my book; but that is no reason why you should spend your leisure on anything so frivolous and worthless. So good-bye."

Less than half a century after the death of Bacon, Joseph Addison was born. And though there were

* *Of Truth*, see page 18.

† Montaigne, 1533-92; Bacon, 1561-1626.

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many essayists and would-be essayists in his time he was pre-eminent among them, not only because of a superior cast of mind and deeper wisdom but because he conformed so closely to Montaigne's pattern and gave so self-revealing a quality to his essays. But he is different. He is less subjective, less introspective; he sketches the lives and reveals the inmost thoughts of other men and women without relinquishing the basic idea of the essay, that it must be concerned primarily with its author. Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the rest are as clearly defined as the characters of a novel, if not, indeed, more clearly, but they are, one and all, Addison's friends and acquaintances, and their characters are sketched against the background of that writer's experience, outlook on life, wisdom, and even his limitations. He is "Mr. Spectator," but he moves familiarly among the people whom he is observing and describing with such an unerring pen. "There are some brave and fortunate deaths," writes Montaigne; "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark," writes Bacon; but Addison's reflections on death in the Coverley papers take the shape of a description of the passing of the "good old man" who had bequeathed to the writer his books and his blessing.

A mere decade had passed after Addison's too early death, at the age of forty-seven, when Oliver Goldsmith saw the light. There were many essayists in his day, including no less a giant than Samuel Johnson, but none is so eminently in the "apostolical succession" as "Goldy." He takes up and dons the mantle of Addison, but wears it with an air of gaiety. Every sentence he writes reveals the irresponsible, erratic nature of the writer, but also his genius for expression and for an appreciation of the dignity and purity of the English language no way inferior to that of Addison himself. But, though loyal to tradition, he transmutes

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the essay. He is more humane than Addison, he has seen and pitied the poor, the oppressed, and the unfortunate, he sees life through a veil of tender sympathy, so he hands on the torch, having made it glow more brightly to illumine a later day. Further, his essays are usually longer than those of Bacon or Addison, as if he felt the need for greater elbow room.

One year only separates the death of Goldsmith, who "touched nothing that he did not adorn," from the birth of Charles Lamb, who, of all our brilliant band of essayists, would have come nearest to the heart of Montaigne. He, too, transmutes the literary form, writing of himself under an alias, so as to combine the objective and the subjective by a stroke of supreme genius. The writer pretends to be a schoolfellow of "Mr. Lamb" or "a friend of the late Elia" and avoids that bugbear of the essayist and indeed of most writers, namely, the pronoun of the First Person. It is worth noting that, as in the hands of Addison, a series of essays approaches the form of the novel, the *Essays of Elia* presage the autobiography or book of gossipy memoirs which is so marked a feature of modern literature.

Such then is the golden cord which unites the four writers chosen for inclusion in this small volume. Francis Bacon, Joseph Addison, Oliver Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb are each of their age but also for all time, but it is not claimed that they are the "Four Best Essayists." They are masters of their art, but other men come near to and may, in the opinions of some readers, surpass them. To each his preferences and his objections, but all lovers of the English essay must be familiar with this quartette, if only to be able to show how their own favourites surpass them; as well as to test the pretensions of modern "essayists"; for the tradition set up in the seventeenth century

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still holds, and those writers of short "papers" of any kind who wish to relinquish this tradition or do not understand it must invent a new term to describe their efforts, just as "Mountaigny" did nearly four hundred years ago.

FOUR ESSAYISTS

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

SEEING that the complete essayist, consciously or unconsciously, writes "about himself," and that his readers expect him to do so, it is necessary to know something of the outward circumstances of his life as well as about his personal reactions to them.

The biography of Francis Bacon is a story of great place, great gifts, and great failings. London was his birthplace, and his father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, whose residence was York House in the Strand. Francis was the younger of the two sons of his father's second marriage, and the fact that he was left unprovided for on his father's death exercised great influence on his character and the means he adopted to provide for himself. His mother was a woman of strong character, deeply religious, fanatically Protestant, and was connected by marriage with Queen Elizabeth's great minister, Lord Burghley. All these facts are significant.

The boy went to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of twelve, and two years later returned to London to study law, though his tastes ran to literature and the study of philosophy. In 1576 he was sent to the English Embassy in Paris as junior secretary to Sir Amyas Paulet, but three years later, on the death of his father and the disappointment of his expectations, he returned to London to make a living by the law. He was duly "called" at Gray's

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Inn, and hoped that his uncle Lord Burghley would obtain for him some well-paid post, but was once more disappointed. Burghley, however, secured his entry to Parliament, where he soon distinguished himself.

He became a close friend of the Earl of Essex, who helped him to support himself but did not secure for him a post which would enable him to devote himself to literature, philosophy, and physical science. It is greatly to Bacon's credit that to-day he stands pre-eminent in each of these branches of mental effort, for he was philosopher and scientist as well as an outstanding essayist and author, and indeed considered his book of essays as one of the least of his achievements. It is curious and interesting to note, in passing, that he thought so little of his native language which he used so nobly that he wished to translate his English books into Latin in order to secure their permanence! This was the strange opinion of a man who must have been familiar with a passage of English prose like the following :

" O eloquent, just and mighty death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; - what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised ; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambitions of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*" *

The story of Bacon's later dealings with Essex is not to his credit. When the earl returned from Ireland he fell into disfavour with Queen Elizabeth because he had failed to suppress the Irish rebellion. He tried to force a hearing from the queen, and failing formed a plot to compel her to dismiss his opponents from office. He was, therefore, accused of treason, tried, and executed, and Bacon was the

* Sir Walter Raleigh, *History of the World*.

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prosecutor at the trial, securing conviction against the famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, who defended the prisoner. This trial and its result helped Bacon's advance. When, two years later, James I. came to the throne he was knighted, and eventually became Attorney-General. Meanwhile he had married the daughter of a rich merchant, and was now able to live in the grand style to which most of his associates were accustomed.

His home was at Verulam House near St. Albans, and here he lived and entertained lavishly. He flattered the king and his favourite Buckingham, and, as a result, he eventually became Lord Chancellor, and was created Baron Verulam, and finally Viscount St. Albans. He had all the ability necessary for these offices and dignities, and it seems a pity that he should have been forced to use such means to secure them. In the pursuit of his ambition he appears to have been quite callous and unscrupulous. Once again, all these facts are important in our study of his Essays.

Then came the gradual descent from "high place." He was accused of acting corruptly in his office as a judge, of taking bribes and presents from suitors in the courts. He was put upon his trial, and threw himself on the mercy of his judges "as a broken man." It was no extenuation to plead, as he could have done, that he was no more guilty than many others in high offices at the time, and that King James himself was not averse to receiving "presents." Bacon was ordered to give up all his offices, was committed as a life prisoner to the Tower, and fined forty thousand pounds.

The King gave him his freedom and waived the fine. He retired to St. Albans on a royal pension, and devoted himself to literature, philosophy, and science, having at length obtained his real ambition in life! Five years later he died, a "martyr" to science,

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having caught a cold when stuffing a chicken with snow in the interests of research—the first “chilled chicken” of Progress. He was buried at St. Michael’s Church, St. Albans.

His Essays were the result of his frequent “jottings” of thoughts and aphorisms made at odd moments during the course of his varied life. The collection of these papers grew from ten in the first edition (1597) to fifty-eight in that of 1625. His notes were expanded into noble English prose in which every word is significant and which sparkles with wit and wisdom.

OF TRUTH

“WHAT is truth?” said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men’s thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie’s sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth

Jesting Pilate. See St. John xviii. 38.

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may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is com-

The poet that beautified, etc. Lucretius (born 95 B.C.), who wrote a long poem *On the Nature of Things*, and belonged to the Epicurean "sect," or school, whose "atheism" Bacon condemns.

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parable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth " (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), " and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below." : so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business : it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature ; and that mixture of falsehood is like allay in coin of gold and silver ; which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent ; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Mountaigny saith prettily, when he inquired the reason, why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge : saith he, " If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men ; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, " he shall not find faith upon the earth."

OF DEATH

MEN fear death, as children fear to go in the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation

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of death, as the "wages of sin," and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friar's books of mortification, that man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved: when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him, that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "*Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.*" Groans and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds niceness and satiety: "*Cogita quam diu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.*" A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to

Pompa mortis, etc. It is the trappings of death that terrify, not death itself.

Cogita quam, etc. Consider how long you have been doing the same things; death may be desired not only by the brave or unhappy, but also by the victim of boredom.

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observe, how little alteration, in good spirits, the approaches of death make ; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment : “ *Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale.*” Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him : “ *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.*” Vespasian in a jest : “ *Ut puto Deus fio.*” Galba with a sentence, “ *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,*” holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in dispatch : “ *Adeste si quid mihi restat agendum.*” And the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he : “ *Qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat Naturæ.*” It is as natural to die as to be born ; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood ; who for the time scarce feels the hurt ; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis* ; when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.—“ *Extinctus amabitur idem.*”

Livia, conjugii nostri, etc. Livia, farewell. Keep after me the memory of our wedlock.

Jam Tiberium, etc. Tiberius was fast losing his bodily strength, but not his gift of dissimulation.

Ut puto, etc. Methinks I become a god.

Feri, si, etc. Strike, if it be for the good of the Roman people !

Adeste, etc. Come now—if anything remains for me to do.

Qui finem, etc. One who reckons the end of life one of Nature's boons.

Extinctus, etc. The same (man) shall be loved when he is dead.

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OF REVENGE

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice ; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law ; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy ; but in passing it over, he is superior ; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith : " It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone, and irrevocable ; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come : therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labour in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake ; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me ? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy ; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish ; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh : this is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent : but base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable : " You shall read," saith he, " that we are commanded to forgive our enemies ; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit

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of Job was in a better tune : " Shall we," saith he, " take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also ? " And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate ; as that for the death of Cæsar ; for the death of Pertinax ; for the death of Henry the Third of France ; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches ; who as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

OF GREAT PLACE

MEN in great places are thrice servants : servants of the sovereign or state ; servants of fame ; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty ; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains ; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery ; and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. " Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere." Nay, retire men cannot when they would ; neither will they when it were reason ; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow : like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their

Pertinax. Roman Emperor from January to March, A.D. 193. He was slain by the Prætorian troops whom he had tried to control.

Cum non sis, etc. When you are no longer what you have been, there is no reason why you should wish to live.

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street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. "*Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.*" In place there is licence to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. "*Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*"; and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples, for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly, whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves

Illi mors, etc. Death falls heavily on him who, too well known to all others, dies to himself unknown.

Et conversus, etc. See Genesis i. 31.

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ill in the same place ; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons ; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate ; but yet ask counsel of both times ; of the ancient time, what is best ; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect ; but be not too positive and peremptory ; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction : and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places ; and think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place ; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four : delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays ; give easy access ; keep times appointed ; go through with that which is in hand ; and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption ; do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one ; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change ; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite, if he

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be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a byway to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent : severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then ; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith : " To respect persons is not good ; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken, " A place showeth the man " : and it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse. " *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*" saith Tacitus of Galba ; but of Vespasian he saith, " *Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius*" : though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honour amends. For honour is, or should be, the place of virtue ; and as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place ; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. \ All rising to great place is by a winding stair ; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly ; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors ; but let it rather be said, " When he sits in place he is another man."

Omnium consensu, etc. All men deemed him fit for empire—had he never become emperor.

Solus imperantium, etc. Vespasian alone among the emperors was changed for the better (by becoming emperor).

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OF TRAVEL

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education ; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow well ; so that he be such a one that hath the language and hath been in the country before ; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go ; what acquaintances they are to seek ; what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it ; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are : the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors ; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes, and so of consistories ecclesiastic ; the churches and monasteries with the monuments which are therein extant ; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours ; antiquities and ruins ; libraries ; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are ; shipping and navies ; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities ; armouries ; arsenals ; magazines ; exchanges ; burses ; warehouses ; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like ; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort ; treasuries of jewels and robes ; cabinets and rarities ; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go.

Burses. Money markets.

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After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masques, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them ; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth ; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town ; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long : nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another ; which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth ; that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel ; that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors ; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad ; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided : they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric

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and quarrelsome persons ; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture ; and in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers than forwards to tell stories ; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF DELAY

FORTUNE is like the market ; where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer ; which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For "Occasion" (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken" ; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light ; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches ;

Sibylla's offer. The Cumæan Sibyl or prophetess appeared before King Tarquinius, offering him her books of prophecy for sale, and made the bargain referred to. It is said that the books were kept in the Roman Capitol till A.D. 405, and consulted in important state crises.

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for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low and shone on their enemy's back), and so to shoot off before the time ; or to teach dangers to come on, by over-early buckling towards them ; is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed ; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands : first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity ; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

AN ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society ; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre ; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince ; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate

Shrewd. Mischievous, hurtful.

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evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends ; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark ; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's ; but yet it is a greater extreme when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants ; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune ; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs ; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves ; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are "*sui amantes sine rivali*," are many

Eccentric. Literally, away from the centre ; therefore unruly.
Sui amantes sine rivali. Lovers of themselves without a rival.

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times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a

The heathen. Bacon uses this unfortunate word to mean the ancients or non-Christians generally.

Epimenides. The poet and prophet of Crete who, seeking for a lost sheep, entered a cave and slept for fifty-seven years! See *Paul's Epistle to Titus*, i. 12.

Numa. The second (legendary) king of Rome, and founder of the Roman religion. He built the temple of Janus, which was always kept closed!

Empedocles. Philosopher-poet of Sicily, who is said to have thrown himself into the crater of Etna, in the interests of research! The volcano afterwards disgorged one of his sandals. Matthew Arnold has a dramatic poem entitled *Empedocles on Etna*.

Apollonius. A philosopher and traveller of the first century A.D., who founded a "school" at Ephesus in Asia Minor.

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gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*"; because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of "*favourites*," or *privadoes*; as

Magna civitas, etc. A great city is a great solitude.
Want (true friends). Lack.

if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* ; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned ; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called " friends," and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet ; " for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica*, " witch " ; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, (though of mean birth) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his

Participes curarum. Sharers of troubles or cares.

Brutus. See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* or Plutarch's *Lives*.

His nephew. Augustus, who became the first Roman emperor.

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daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, "that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great." With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, "*Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*"; and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, for such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus observeth

Hæc pro amicitia. These things, out of regard for our friendship, I have not concealed.

Septimius Severus. Roman emperor, A.D. 193-211.

Trajan. Roman emperor, A.D. 98-117, a great general, road-builder, and beneficent ruler.

Marcus Aurelius. Roman emperor, A.D. 161-180, the philosopher and author of the *Meditations*, as well as the persecutor of the early Christians.

Mought. Old form of might.

Commineus. Philippe de Comines (1445-1509). French statesman, and author of *Mémoires*, a critical survey of the politics of his time.

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of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy ; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none ; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time " that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding." Surely Commineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true : "*Cor no edito* : Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects ; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more ; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body ; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action ; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression : and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests ; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend ; but before you come to

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that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, "that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much

Cloth of Arras. Tapestry. Arras is the capital of the French department, Pas-de-Calais. *Themistocles*, the Athenian statesman, lived in the sixth century B.C., and would not use the expression, "Cloth of Arras."

Heraclitus. A philosopher of Ephesus (c. 513 B.C.), who considered fire to be the original form of all matter, and that everything was continually in a state of flux or change.

So as. Consequently.

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difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first; the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as S. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers. One, that he shall not be faithfully

Gamester. Here appears to mean one actively engaged in any pursuit.

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counselled ; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy : even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body ; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind ; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels ; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels ; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself ; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, " that a friend is another himself " : for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart ; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath as it were two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place ; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were

Cast and see. Reckon and find out.

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granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself ! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them ; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg ; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father ; to his wife but as a husband ; to his enemy but upon terms ; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless : I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part : if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

OF PLANTATIONS

PLANTATIONS are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. When the world was young, it begat more children ; but now it is old, it begets fewer : for I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms. I like a plantation in a pure soil ; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others. For else it is rather an extirpation than a plantation. Planting of countries is like planting of woods ; for you must make account to leese almost twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end. For the principal thing that hath been the destruction of most plantations, hath been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years. It is true, speedy profit is not to be neglected,

Plantations. Colonies.

Leese. Not exactly lose, but postpone the payment.

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as far as may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further. It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant : and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation ; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. The people wherewith you plant ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks and bakers. In a country of plantation, first look about, what kind of victual the country yields of itself to hand ; as chestnuts, walnuts, pine-apples, olives, dates, plums, cherries, wild honey, and the like ; and make use of them. Then consider what victual or esculent things there are, which grow speedily, and within the year ; as parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, radish, artichokes of Hierusalem, maize, and the like. For wheat, barley, and oats, they ask too much labour ; but with peas and beans you may begin, both because they ask less labour, and because they serve for meat as well as for bread. And of rice likewise cometh a great increase, and it is a kind of meat. Above all, there ought to be brought store of biscuit, oatmeal, flour, meal, and the like, in the beginning, till bread may be had. For beasts or birds, take chiefly such as are least subject to diseases, and multiply fastest ; as swine, goats, cocks, hens, turkeys, geese, house-doves, and the like. The victual in plantations ought to be expended almost as in a besieged town ; that is, with certain allowance. And let the main part of the ground employed to gardens or corn be to a common stock ; and to be laid in, and stored up, and then delivered out in proportion ; besides some spots of ground that any

Certify over. Send information to.

Francis Bacon

particular person will manure for his own private. Consider likewise what commodities the soil where the plantation is doth naturally yield, that they may some way help to defray the charge of the plantation : so it be not, as was said, to the untimely prejudice of the main business ; as it hath fared with tobacco in Virginia. Wood commonly aboundeth but too much ; and therefore timber is fit to be one. If there be iron ore, and streams whereupon to set the mills, iron is a brave commodity where wood aboundeth. Making of bay-salt, if the climate be proper for it, would be put in experience. Growing silk likewise, if any be, is a likely commodity. Pitch and tar, where store of firs and pines are, will not fail. So drugs and sweet woods, where they are, cannot but yield great profit. Soap-ashes likewise, and other things that may be thought of. But moil not too much underground ; for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things. For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel ; and let them have commission to exercise martial laws, with some limitation. And above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always, and his service, before their eyes. Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number : and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen, than merchants ; for they look ever to the present gain. Let there be freedom from custom, till the plantation be of strength ; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make their best

Tobacco. This is rather obscure, but seems to hint that tobacco cultivation had in Virginia been neglected for a time.

Bay-salt. Made by evaporation of sea-water collected in salt-pans.

Soap-ashes. Alkalis.

Undertakers. Men who undertook responsibility of any kind.

Custom. Tax or duty.

Four Essayists

of them, except there be some special cause of caution. Cram not in people, by sending too fast company after company ; but rather hearken how they waste, and send supplies proportionably ; but so as the number may live well in the plantation, and not by surcharge be in penury. It hath been a great endangering to the health of some plantations, that they have built along the sea and rivers, in marish and unwholesome grounds. Therefore, though you begin there, to avoid carriage and other like discommodities, yet build still rather upwards from the streams than along. It concerneth likewise the health of the plantation that they have good store of salt with them, that they may use it in their victuals when it shall be necessary. If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles ; but use them justly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless : and do not win their favour by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss. And send oft of them over to the country that plants, that they may see a better condition than their own, and commend it when they return. When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as well as with men ; that the plantation may spread into generations, and not be ever pieced from without. It is the sinfulness thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness : for besides the dishonour, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons.

OF RICHES

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta*. For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to

Gingles. Playthings or fancy trifles.
Commiserable. Deserving of pity.

Francis Bacon

virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindreth the march ; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution ; the rest is but conceit. So saith Salomon : " Where much is, there are many to consume it ; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes ? " The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches : there is a custody of them ; or a power of dole and donative of them ; or a fame of them ; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities ? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches ? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or trouble. As Salomon saith : " Riches are as a strong hold, in the imagination of the rich man." But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have brought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them. But distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus : " In studio rei amplificandæ apparebat non avaritiæ prædam sed instrumentum bonitati quæri." Harken also to Salomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches : " Qui festinat ad divitias non erit insons." The poets feign that when Plutus (which is Riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly ; but when he is sent from Pluto, he

Conceit. Idle imagination.

Feigned prices. Fancy prices having no relation to real value.

In studio rei, etc. In his pursuit of wealth it was plain that he sought not food for avarice but an instrument for doing good.

Qui festinat, etc. See Proverbs xxviii. 20.

Plutus. The giver of wealth.

Pluto. The ruler of the abode of the dead, or Hades.

Four Essayists

runs and is swift of foot : meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly ; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man. But it mought be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. ~~Parsimony is one~~ of the best, and yet is not innocent ; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches ; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's ; but it is slow. And yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time : a great grazier, a great sheep-master, a great timber-man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry : so as the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered by two things chiefly : by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature ; when men shall wait upon others' necessity, broke by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naught. As for the

Francis Bacon

chopping of bargains, when a man buys, not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst ; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudore vultus alieni*, and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet, certain though it be, it hath flaws ; for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men, to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches ; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries : therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches : and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty : it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich ; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise, yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours, and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, "*testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi*"), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches ; for they despise them that despair of

In sudore, etc. In the sweat of another's brow.

Coemption. Buying up the total supply of any commodity in order to keep up the price.

Testamenta, etc. Childless men and their bequests were caught by him as in a net.

Four Essayists

them ; and none worse, when they come to them. Be not pennywise ; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public ; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgment. Likewise glorious gifts and foundations are like " sacrifices without salt," and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure ; and defer not charities till death ; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

OF GARDENS

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks : and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely ; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year ; in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December and January and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter : holly ; ivy ; bays ; juniper ; cypress-trees ; yew ; pineapple-trees ; fir-trees ; rosemary ; lavender ; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue ; germander ; flags ; orange-

Royal ordering. The arrangement of an ideal garden.

Francis Bacon

trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved ; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the meze-reon-tree, which then blossoms ; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey ; primroses ; anemones ; the early tulippa ; hyacinthus orientalis ; chamaïris ; fritillaria. For March there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest ; the yellow daffadil ; the daisy ; the almond-tree in blossom ; the peach-tree in blossom ; the cornelian-tree in blossom ; sweet-briar. In April follow the double white violet ; the wallflower ; the stock-gillyflower ; the cowslip ; flower-delices, and lilies of all natures ; rosemary flowers ; the tulippa ; the double piony ; the pale daffadil ; the French honeysuckle ; the cherry-tree in blossom ; the dammasin and plum-trees in blossom ; the white-thorn in leaf ; the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush pink ; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later ; honeysuckles ; strawberries ; bugloss ; columbine ; the French marygold ; flos Africanus ; cherry-tree in fruit ; ribes ; figs in fruit ; rasps ; vine flowers ; lavender in flowers ; the sweet satyrian, with the white flower ; herba muscaria ; lilium convallium ; the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gillyflowers of all varieties ; musk-roses ; the lime-tree in blossom ; early pears and plums in fruit ; ginnitings ; quadlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit ; pears ; apricocks ; berberries ; filberds ; musk-melons ; monkshoods of all colours. In September come grapes ; apples ; poppies of all colours ; peaches ; melocotones ; nectarines ; cornelians ; wardens ; quinces. In October and the beginning of November come ser-

Stoved. Hot-housed.

Chamaïris. Dwarf iris.

Ginnitings. Early apples.

Melocotones. Large peaches.

Mezereon-tree. Olive spurge.

Satyrian. Orchis.

Quadlins. Codlings.

Four Essayists

vices ; medlars ; bullises ; roses cut or removed to come late ; hollyokes ; and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London ; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells ; so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness ; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little ; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet ; specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year ; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomewtide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, which [yield] a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines ; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gillyflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gillyflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three : that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys

Bullises. Wild plums.

Ver perpetuum. Eternal spring.

Fast. Close.

Bartholomewtide. St. Bartholomew's Day is August 24.

A bent. Stiff or wiry grass.

Francis Bacon

of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance; a heath or desert in the going forth; and the main garden in the midst; besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green; six to the heath; four and four to either side; and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures; the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun thorough the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots or figures with divers-coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square; encompassed, on all the four sides, with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high and six foot broad; and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge, of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space between the arches some other little

Covert alley. A pergola.

Four Essayists

figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave, on either side, ground enough for diversity of side alleys ; unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure : not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green ; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge, through the arches, upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device ; advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into, first, it be not too busy or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images, cut out in juniper or other garden stuff : they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramides, I like well ; and in some places, fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast ; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments ; and the whole mount to be thirty foot high ; and some fine banquetting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment ; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures : the one, that sprinkleth

Deliver you. *Bring you out.* *Letting.* *Hindering.*
Images. *Figures of birds, etc.*

Francis Bacon

or spouteth water ; the other, a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well : but the main matter is, so to convey the water as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern ; that the water be never by rest discoloured, green or red or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves : as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images ; the sides likewise ; and withal embellished with coloured glass, and such things of lustre ; encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain ; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it ; but some thickets, made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst ; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses. For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. And these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme ; some with pinks ; some with ger-

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mander, that gives a good flower to the eye ; some with periwinkle ; some with violets ; some with strawberries ; some with cowslips ; some with daisies ; some with red roses ; some with liliun convallium ; some with sweet-williams red ; some with bear's-foot ; and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly. Part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses ; juniper ; holly ; berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom) ; red currants ; gooseberries ; rosemary ; bays ; sweet-briar ; and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind ; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys likewise, you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts ; as well upon the walls as in ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the borders, wherein you plant your fruit-trees, be fair and large, and low, and not steep ; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds I would have a mount or some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys, ranged on both sides with fruit-trees ; and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees, and arbours with seats, set in some decent order ; but these to be by no means set too thick ; but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open

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and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day ; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year ; and in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them ; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it ; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that, for the most part, taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together ; and sometimes add statuas, and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural

Platform. Outline or plan.

Nothing. That is, adding nothing.

Four Essayists

abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets witty ; the mathematics subtile ; natural philosophy deep ; moral grave ; logic and rhetoric able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle

Proyning. Pruning, cultivating.

Flashy. Sparkling but insipid.

Present wit. Ready in making a retort.

Abeunt, etc. Studies go to form character.

In the wit. In the understanding or mental capacity.

Reins. Kidneys.

Francis Bacon

walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again : if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen ; for they are *cymini sectores* : if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases : so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Schoolmen. Certain mediæval scholars famous for pedantry, and *cymini sectores*, i.e. hair-splitters.

JOSEPH. ADDISON (1672-1719)

JOSEPH ADDISON was the son of the rector of Milston near Amesbury in Wiltshire, who became Dean of Lichfield when the future essayist was a boy of eleven; an early environment of rustic life and the cathedral close, with a background of seriousness, books, and culture, all significant in the study of an essayist's self-revelation.

The boy was sent to Charterhouse School, London, and at the age of fifteen went to Queen's College, Oxford, from which he proceeded with a scholarship to Magdalen, which still shows "Addison's Walk" to visitors. At school and college he was friend and companion to another future essayist and author, Richard Steele.

After a successful college career he obtained, through the influence of Mr. Montagu, afterwards Lord Halifax, a pension of £300 to enable him to make the Grand Tour, and so complete his formal education and fit him for "high place" in the diplomatic service. He travelled over Europe and to "Grand Cairo," and returned to England on the death of William III. when he lost his pension owing to changes in the government.

Then followed a period of poverty and strenuous effort, which was relieved when he wrote for the government a poem entitled *The Campaign*, which celebrated the victory of Blenheim. The poem was very successful, and led to its author receiving several government appointments in succession, including the secretaryship to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,



JOSEPH ADDISON

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and later that of Secretary of State, which he held for about a year, retiring in 1718. He was also connected at one period with the Board of Trade.

In 1709 Steele began the daily newspaper, *The Tatler*, and Addison became one of its leading contributors. This paper contained news, essays, and advertisements, but the essay became the most prominent feature, and when Steele started *The Spectator* in 1711 it contained an essay and advertisements only. Addison was the leading essayist, but Steele also contributed papers of a similar kind, as well as Addison's cousin Eustace Budgell and others. *The Spectator* was an excellent example of team work. It was followed by *The Guardian*,* of which Steele was editor and Addison once more a contributor. By this time the reputation of the two friends as essayists was well established, and a characteristic literary form had been added to our literature which was in the tradition of Montaigne-Bacon but had unique qualities of its own.

Addison was also a poet and dramatist, but his fame rests upon his essays which reveal a character of great attraction, probity, and good sense, which castigate the follies of the day by gentle irony and polished innuendo, which show us as in a mirror the bustling life of the time of Queen Anne in town and country, and which helped to raise the standard of taste and morals of the period.

Addison married the Dowager Countess of Warwick and lived in Holland House, London, where he died at the early age of forty-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was afterwards erected to his memory.

* *The Spectator* was resumed in 1714 (June-Dec.).

Joseph Addison

SCENE OF COUNTRY ETIQUETTE

From my own Apartment, October 25

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter :

October 24.

“ SIR,

“ I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knight, Thomas Rentfree, Esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, Esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

“ Sir, your most humble servant,

“ JOHN THRIFTY.”

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined ; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach : but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen anything above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum.

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The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:" and another voice, "Nay, good Sir Giles——" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for, you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me "he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick." The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, "That is true, to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek-by-jowl, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well," said I, "gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered one and all, "that they never drank tea in a morning."—"Not in a morning!" said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, "that we should adjourn to

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some public-house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business." We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow ; but the justice of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order ; for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, until Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street ; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said, " it was fire." Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane ; the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill ; but I overheard him whisper the steward, " that he thought it hard, that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder squire." In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over ; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street ; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great

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humanity ; from whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other ; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant ; but said, " they did not take in the Letter." " No," says Sir Harry, " then take back your mug ; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house ! " Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum ; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third, after which Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, " that the place was too public for business ; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

Tatler, No. 86, Oct. 27, 1709.

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles ; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted

Dyer's Letter. A newspaper or news-letter of the time.

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by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, "that I was indisposed; that I could see nobody: and that, if he had anything to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing." My maid, after having delivered her message, told me that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house until I was stirring; and bid her be sure to tell me that the French were driven from the scarp, and that Douay was invested." He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her if her master was up yet? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which everybody in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, "that whatever

Upholsterer. Literally, one who furnishes rooms. Addison's present use of the word is obvious.

Scarp. The inner wall of a ditch in a fortification.

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his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now ; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with anybody that morning." The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms ; for which reason, I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country ; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake ; which I opened, and found as follows :

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench, at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you a hundred pounds upon the great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy

Mr. Bickerstaff. The name of Isaac Bickerstaff was assumed by Dean Swift in his political writings, and adopted later by Steele, who called *The Tatler* " the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer." The name passed to Addison.

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making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

"But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall ; and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this ; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

"I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

"I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

"The honest gentleman upon the bench bid me tell you, that he would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

"This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer ; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park ; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell, until three of the clock to-morrow morning !

"I am, your most humble servant, &c.

"P.S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender."

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in this letter an intimation of the good news which I have

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since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Tatler, No. 160, April 18, 1710.

FROZEN VOICES

Splendidè mendax.—HOR. 2 *Od.* iii. 35.

Gloriously false.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 22

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several

Sir John Mandeville, the supposed author of a famous book of *Travels*, claimed in the Prologue to be an Englishman relating his own adventures. The book, however, is said to have been the work of a Frenchman, Jean de Bourgoigne, who died in Liège in 1372, after which date a translation was made into English. Most of the work is made up from earlier books of "wonders" of travel, too wonderful for belief.

Mendez Pinto. A Portuguese adventurer and another author of the Mandeville kind.

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manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public ; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables : a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an *extract* from Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in visible shape, he adds that apt simile—

“ Like words congealed in northern air.”

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows :

“ We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of

Hudibras. The hero of a rhyming political satire by Samuel Butler (1612–80).

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our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain—

“ —Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.—OVID.

“ We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed, with a gentle hissing which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say,

Nec vox, etc. Nor voice nor words followed.

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'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done—

"——Et timide verba intermissu retentat.

OVID. *Met.* i. 747.

Et timide, etc. The poet Dryden translates this passage as "And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke."

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“ At about half a mile’s distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us ; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

“ We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement ; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword ; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after ; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

“ After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks’ silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen : for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath : but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it ; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who

Kit. A small fiddle used by a dancing-master. The word is now seldom used.

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had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night ; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps.* ”

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost ; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Tatler, No. 254, November 23, 1710.

ON SHOP SIGNS

— Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.— HOR. 2 *Od.* x. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishments of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

“ SIR,

“ Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities you yourself cannot attend to ; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same : I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such

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figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion ; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions ; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange ! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis* !

“ My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign ; such as the bell and the neat’s tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together ? And when did the lamb, and the dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post ? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it ; and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I must, however, observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served ; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress’s arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads ; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one

Ens Rationis. The existence of reason : a term in metaphysics, here meaning an abstraction.

Conceit. Idea or thought.

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tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

“ In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

“ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen, who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade to show some such marks of it before their doors.

“ When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god is also represented by this

Abel Drugger. A “tobacco-man” in Ben Jonson's play, *The Alchemist*, who consults Subtle, the alchemist, about his shop-sign. See Act II., Sc. vi.

Heathen god. St. George. Why apocryphal and heathen?

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figure ; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French ; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage* ; and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear ; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the sign of the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities ; so, humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c."

Spectator, No. 28, April 2, 1711.

La belle Sauvage. The name was recently used for the printing establishment of Messrs. Cassell & Co. off Ludgate Hill, London. The premises were demolished in an air-raid in 1941.

Joseph Addison

PARTY PATCHES

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas——— STAT. *Theb.* ii. 128.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and those on my left tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterward found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed, in several of them, the patches which were

Opposite side-boxes. One on either side of the stage, and therefore facing each other.

Patches. These were small pieces of black silk or plaster designed to show off the complexion by force of contrast.

Amazons. Warrior women. The Amazons of antiquity were thought to have migrated from the region of the Caucasus to Asia Minor.

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before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner ; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country.—Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that, in a late draught of marriage articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead ; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs ; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly

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have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted to by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress—that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper—

—She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side.

When I was in the theatre the time above mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig ; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell ; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world ; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them interposed with so many

She swells, etc. From the poet Cowley's *Davideis* , Book iii.

Library Sri Pratap Coll

172.92.

Srinagar

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tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women exceed those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Joseph Addison

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: "And as for you," says he, "I shall advise you in very few words. Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

C.

Spectator, No. 81, June 2, 1711.

ON THE CRIES OF LONDON

————— *Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferreæ vox————— *VIRG. Æn. vi. 625.*

————— A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs.
DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sound of larks and nightingales, with all the music of fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

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" SIR,

" I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

" The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

" The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with a twanking of a brass kettle or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

" Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed

Crack. Crank.

Within the liberties. In the City of London. A "liberty" is a district within which privileges are enjoyed by certain people.

Joseph Addison

so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch ; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble ; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest, note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares ; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of ' Much cry, but little wool.'

" Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract ? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

" It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with

Card-matches. The first " matches " which succeeded the tinder-box were either stiff paper soaked in saltpetre (hence card-matches) or wood tipped with sulphur.

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the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season ; and which are more inexcusable, because they are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

“ There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in a hollow voice, that is not without its harmony ; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend ? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

“ I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers ; but alas ! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

“ It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have

Dill. A yellow-flowered herb with scented seeds used for medicinal purposes.

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invented particular songs and tunes of their own : such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff : and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Wat.

“ I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say ; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words ; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession ; for who else can know, that ‘ work if I had it ’ should be the signification of a corn-cutter ?

“ Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity I think it would be very proper that some men of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post ; and

Colly-Molly-Puff. This little man was just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sang the words which have passed into his name.

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if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

“ I am, Sir, &c.

“ RALPH CROTCHET.”

C.

Spectator, No. 251, December 18, 1711.

A CITIZEN'S DIARY

—— *Fruges consumere nati.*—HOR. 1 *Ep.* ii. 27.

—— Born to drink and eat.—CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few minutes before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, “ Let me then,” says he, “ go off the stage with your applause ”; using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them, whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or the buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never

Emolument. Profit, not necessarily in money.

The expression. *Vos valet et plaudite.* Give me farewell and applause.

Joseph Addison

went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose : I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another : that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it ; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding

Third bottle. To be a " three-bottle man " is said to have been an ambition of the period !

Faithful copy. This journal may have been genuine, but the matter need not be laboured.

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himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

Tuesday, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand vizier. Broken sleep.

Wednesday, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Hands, etc. The extent of his ablutions. Gentlemen scented themselves in this period to make up for lack of baths.

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Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the grand vizier was first of all strangled, and afterward beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine the next morning.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Stayed within until two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

Beef over-corned. Too much salt in the preservative.

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From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed. Dreamt that I drank small beer with the grand vizier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven. Walked in the fields, wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones ; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand vizier certainly dead.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements ; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one

Laced coffee. Coffee with stimulant added.

Brooks and Hellier. Evidently a vintage wine of the period.

Joseph Addison

week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employment during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

Spectator, No. 317, March 4, 1711.

VISIT TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing

Royal Exchange. The present building is the third. Addison is speaking of the second, which was burnt down in 1838. The first, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and opened by Queen Elizabeth, was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

High-change. A full meeting of the merchants.

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with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages : sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians ; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times ; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo ; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch, that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock ; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a peculiar care to disseminate the blessings among the different regions

Different walks. Separate places for promenading.

Sir Andrew. The London merchant, Sir Andrew Freeport, and a member of the Spectator Club, of which Sir Roger de Coverley was a prominent member. See page 105.

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of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by this common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes ; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share ! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature ; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab : that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens ; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our

Every degree. All parts of the world ; all latitudes.

Portugal . . . Barbadoes. The fruits of the former have their acidity neutralized by sugar from the West Indies.

Philippic Islands. The Philippine Islands.

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sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate : our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines ; our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan ; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth ; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens ; the spice-islands our hot-beds ; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth ; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, give wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be

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surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury ! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire : it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

Spectator, No. 69, May 19, 1711.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my

Sir Roger. It was not Addison but Richard Steele who wrote the description of Sir Roger in *Spectator*, No. 2, and which runs as follows :

" The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy ; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square : it is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his

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ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please ; dine at his own table, or in my chamber, as I think fit ; sit still, and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him : by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother ; his butler is grey-headed ; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen ; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master

first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half ; and though his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards ; he continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house in both town and country ; a great lover of mankind ; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company : when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum ; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game-Act."

Humour. This word is used in its older sense of "nature" or "character." Compare Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

Joseph Addison

even in the old house-dog ; and in a grey pad, that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with : on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense, and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that

Pad. A horse ridden either (a) on a pad or stuffed saddle, or (b) along a *path*, and therefore at an easy pace. Derivation uncertain.
Pleasant upon. Makes jokes with them.

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he is very much in the old knight's esteem ; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humourist ; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ; and, without staying for my answer, told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason, he desired a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend (says Sir Roger) found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me

Humourist. Here the word is used almost in a modern sense, but not quite. Sir Roger does not crack jokes, but behaves in such a manner that other people are diverted by his departure from the ordinary.

Extravagance. Here means unusualness : Sir Roger is no "ordinary man."

Joseph Addison

for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them : if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present, of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country

Dr. South. All the preachers here named were celebrated pulpit orators of the period. South's *Sermons* was in particularly great demand and esteem.

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clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Spectator, No. 106, July 2, 1711.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart ; his next, to escape the censures of the world : if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected ; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public : a man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes : as we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time ;

Will Wimble. He is the subject of *Spectator*, No. 108 (q.v.), a country gentleman of no fortune, and a genial hanger-on to Sir Roger and others in his neighbourhood.

Joseph Addison

during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that hath a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man : he is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant : he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week ; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges ; in short, he is a very sensible man ; shoots flying ; and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

The other that rides with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments : he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year ; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his

Within the Game Act. Could obtain a shooting licence because he had property valued at more than £100 yearly.

The widow. A lady of the neighbouring county who had declined Sir Roger's offers. Steele writes a *Spectator* paper on Sir Roger and the Widow (No. 113. See No. 234, p. 52, of this series).

Cast and been cast, etc. Won and lost so many law-suits (and probably in neither case obtained his costs).

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fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole ; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot, and after having paused some time, told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it : upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them ; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanied such a public administration of our laws ; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it ; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

Determination. *Decision.*

Joseph Addison

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his Honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be

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brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence ; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, " that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the country sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the

Discovering. Showing or exhibiting.

Joseph Addison

chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“Honoured Sir,

“Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last country sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for, you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom: and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you

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all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church : for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum : the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits ; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my

Quit rents. These gifts would make the recipients free of rent or other service to the estate for life.

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master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"Honoured sir, your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

"P.S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that, upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was, in particular, the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

Spectator, No. 517, October 23, 1712.

Act of Uniformity. There were three such Acts passed in 1549, 1558, and 1662 respectively, all prescribing the Book of Common Prayer for use in the services of the Church of England, and requiring all persons to attend their parish church.

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THE VISION OF MIRZA

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, The Visions of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them ; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows :

“ On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“ I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius ; and that several had been

Genius. Spirit ; or, as the *Arabian Nights* would call it, a “ genie ” or “ jinn.” Such beings were credited with supernatural powers.

Joseph Addison

entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of

Consummation. Ending.

*Library Sri Pratap College,
Srinagar.*

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threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful

Threescore and ten. See Psalm xc. 10.

A thousand arches. See the chapter about the patriarchs and their ages, Genesis v. Compare with chap. xi.

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posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

“The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infect human life.

“I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth

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into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The cloud still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it : but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them : every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for ? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence ? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with

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inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Spectator, No. 159, September 1, 1711.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-74)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of a poor Irish clergyman, of Saxon origin, was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland. His father was described as a "curate farmer," and though his stipend was a mere £40 per annum he must have obtained much of the family food if not also some additional money from farming the land around his home as did Dr. Primrose in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Oliver was born to "decent poverty" but also brought up in an atmosphere of kindness, sympathy, unselfishness, and love of his fellow men.

Oliver was the youngest of five, "a slow, ugly, ungainly boy with little regard for ordinary lessons but learning more than his elders suspected"; while the stories of his idleness at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was sent by a kindly uncle, must have been exaggerated, for Goldsmith's writings reveal a knowledge of classical and later literature which could not have been obtained by a mere idler, as well as a style of composition which must have been the result of diligent study of the best English models.

His father died when he was twenty-one, and he decided to emigrate to America but missed the boat by attendance at a party, where he also missed or mislaid the £30 which was to carry him to the New World. He spent the next three years in writing ballads for sale in the streets of London (on occasion he was his own salesman), studying a little law when he had the means, making merry with a few friends who might happen to be in funds, and occasionally collecting a few pence by playing the flute.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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He studied medicine in Edinburgh and Leyden, and managed somehow to obtain a bachelor's degree, which gave him the right to practise and earned him the courtesy title of "Doctor"; and on occasion he actually visited patients in London and elsewhere when he had the means to clothe himself in the recognized dress of a medical attendant, but this was later in his career.

Then he set off alone to make a tour of the Continent, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand." He went on foot through the Low Countries, France, and Switzerland, and has left a record of his journeyings in his poem *The Traveller*, from which it is clear that he often earned a supper and a bed of sorts by playing his flute in villages on his route. He said later that he found people "sprightly in proportion to their wants and the poorer often the sprightlier."

On his return he became an "usher," *i.e.* a miserably paid teacher in a private school; then a proof-reader to the novelist Samuel Richardson, who was a printer; a badly paid reviewer for literary magazines, and a bookseller's hack, ready to write about anything under the sun for a guinea or less. But even these grinding conditions did not make him write badly, a thing he could not do, and what he lacked in precise knowledge of his subjects, such as natural history, he made up for by the exercise of a vivid imagination and a masterly power of invention.

He started a periodical called *The Bee* in which some of his best essay-writing appeared. His Essays—known as *Chinese Letters*, republished as *The Citizen of the World*—brought him to the notice of Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, and other distinguished men of the day. It was Johnson who, visiting Goldsmith when confined to his lodging for debt, got from him the MS. of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and sold it for £60 to a bookseller, who afterwards published it, making much more

Oliver Goldsmith

money than the author as well as offering the world one of the most charming, touching, delicately humorous, and ill-constructed stories ever written. Goldsmith himself is said to have thought little of the novel, which, if true, is a credit to his critical powers. The book, however, takes a notable place among the novels of the eighteenth century, and its popularity is an indication of the literary taste of that period.

Following *The Vicar*, which brought him the recognition for which he had worked so long and so cheerfully, came a play entitled *The Good-Natured Man*, the beautiful and delicately polished poem *The Deserted Village*, and finally his best comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, on which, with his essays, his reputation rests secure. Then he died of a fever, worn out by hardship, and in poverty due mostly to his own extravagance and folly, but deeply mourned and well beloved by a wide circle of friends.

Here is a record of a life of which the conditions differed entirely from those of the lives of Bacon and Addison. The essays immediately following will show how far the writer drew upon his own experiences, and so kept to the essayist's tradition of "writing about himself."

THE MAN IN BLACK

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a

The Man in Black. He is first mentioned in Letter 13 of *The Citizen of the World*, and his character is supposed to be based upon that of Goldsmith's father.

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humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence ; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion ; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature ; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference ; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. " In every parish-house," says he, " the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on ; they want no more, I desire no more myself ; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious ; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences : let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dis-

suade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me ; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black : I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before : he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors ; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled

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and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment ; he had not a single question more to ask ; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches ; but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, " Here, master," says he, " take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase : he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied ; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest

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distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding : his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted ; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her ; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

BEAU TIBBS

PART I

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd ; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward ; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of

Passions. Feelings or emotions. The word has now deteriorated.
My friend. The Man in Black.

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the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed : we now turned to the right, then to the left ; as we went forward, he still went faster ; but in vain : the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. " My dear Dry-bone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, " where have you been hiding this half a century ? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion : his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness ; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt ; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. " Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, " no more of that, if you love me : you know I hate flattery—on my soul I do ; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten ; and yet, faith, I

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despise the great as much as you do ; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I: 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.' "

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?"—"Improved!" replied the other: "you shall know,—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."—"I fancy you forget, sir," cried I; "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town."—"Did I say so?" replied he coolly; "to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town! Egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's,—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret.—Well, there happened to be no *asafoetida* in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand

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guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature ; lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—— ; but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. " His very dress," cries my friend, " is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags ; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor ; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery ; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence ; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all ; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience."—Adieu.

PART II

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more

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powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity : so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear ; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums, before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before ! There's no company at all to-day ; not a single face to be seen."—"No company !" interrupted I peevishly ; "no company, where there is such a crowd ? Why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company ?"—"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined ; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous ; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day ; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature ; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice ; but no more of

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that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature ! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son ; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther : she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar : I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her ; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways ; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street : at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open ; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects ; to which answering in the affirmative, " Then," says he, " I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window ; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one ; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney ; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, " Who's there ? " My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying

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the querist, the voice again repeated the demand ; to which he answered louder than before ; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady ? " Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—" My two shirts ! " cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion ; " what does the idiot mean ? "—" I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other ; " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because——."—" Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations ! " cried he ; " go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, " to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life ; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world ; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery ; a square table that had been once japanned ; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other ; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney ; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. " What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni ? There's the true keeping in it ; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me an

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hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious deshabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack!" cries he; "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do,—a turbot, an ortolan, a——."—"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer: but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

Mechanical. Commercial.

THE PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it : it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces ; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could ; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribands that decorated the horses' necks in another, my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen. A poor cobbler sat in his stall by the wayside, and continued to work, while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine ; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit

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down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

“How, my friend,” said I to him, “can you continue to work, while all those fine things are passing by your door?” “Very fine they are, master,” returned the cobbler, “for those that like them, to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You don’t know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked: you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite, and, God help me! I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people, who may eat four meals a day and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me.” I here interrupted him with a smile. “See this last, master,” continues he, “and this hammer; this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world; nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them: now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work; I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer.”

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures. “I have lived,” said he, “a wandering sort of a life now five and fifty years, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing.”—

Want. Need.

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"You have been a traveller, then, I presume," interrupted I.—"I cannot boast much of travelling," continued he, "for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in, at some time or another. When I began to settle and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making: there was one who actually died in a stall that I had left worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fireside, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. "Ay, that I have, master," replied he, "for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money; so, though our comings-in were but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after for it.

"The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual: so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last in despair to the alehouse; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and ran in score when anybody would trust me; till at last the landlady coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke

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her heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for money ; but she had hidden it so effectually that, with all my pains, I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.—Adieu.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS

It is no unpleasing contemplation, to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places those plants which are entirely poisonous at home lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad ; there are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children ; and we are told that, in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England ; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks gives also a fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as, in simpling, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so in an estimate of the

That (influence) among. A clumsy construction, unusual in Goldsmith's clear style. Remember that this author must not be relied upon for " facts " of geography or natural history.

Polite. Educated and cultivated, the so-called " upper classes."

Simpling. Gathering " simples " or medicinal plants.

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genius of the people we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a finer polish than these ; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally form a great character : something at once elegant and majestic ; affable, yet sincere. Such in general are the better sort ; but they who are left in primitive rudeness are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness ; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity ; and perhaps, too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But in England the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees ; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to increase them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties ; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompense this strange absurdity, they are in the main generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often

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showed they were capable of enduring ; if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining ; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness ; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants ; the tenderness, in general, of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice ; still show that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almost always together ; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree ; the highwayman and robber here are generous, at least in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them : they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street ; they meet with none of those trifling civilities, so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will, without previous acquaintance ; they travel through the country, either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance ; meet every moment some-

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thing to excite their disgust, and return home to characterize this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would choose to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

AN ELECTION

THE English are at present employed in celebrating a feast, which becomes general every seventh year ; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our Feast of the Lanterns in magnificence and splendour ; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion ; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me ; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which, upon this occasion, die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it. Nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor, till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds : the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats ; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend

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their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing ; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites ; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastrycook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture ; another always drinks brandy, imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor ; gin, a liquor wholly their own. This, then, furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel,—Whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy ? The mob meet upon the debate, fight themselves sober, and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war ; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet,

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which were designed as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face ; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre, they took peaceable possession of their headquarters, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but above all at seeing their bacon.

I must own, I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people, on this occasion, levelled into an equality, and the poor, in some measure, enjoying the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobbler with a levee at his door, and a haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter.

But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillery or the brewery ? As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent ; however, I know not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob ; he made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive importation of foreign drams, and the downfall of the distillery ; I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayoress. Mrs. Deputy was not in the least in liquor ; and as for Mrs. Mayoress, one of the spectators assured me in my ear that—she was a very fine woman before she had the smallpox.

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the

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hall where the magistrates are chosen : but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion ! the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch. I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand ; another made his appearance to give his vote, but though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent ; a third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but " Tobacco and brandy." In short, an election hall seems to be a theatre, where every passion is seen without disguise ; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom.—
Adieu.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found ; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed, by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions ; and at last ventured upon conversation. " I beg pardon, sir," cried I, " but I think I have seen you before ; your face is familiar to

I am fond. This is not a " Chinaman's " essay.

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me."—"Yes, sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show; last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park."

"I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties." "Oh, sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now; and I will treat you again, when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale house, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to

Merry Andrew. A clown or buffoon. The name was given to Andrew Borde, physician to Henry VIII., whose connection with clowning is not usually emphasized in history.

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Library Sri Pratap College,
Srinagar.

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correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough : “ and yet, sir,” returns he, “ bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite ! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature ; the rich she treats like an arrant stepmother ; they are pleased with nothing : cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough ; dress it up with picklès, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar ; Calvert’s butt out-tastes Champagne, and Sedgeley’s home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood ! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content—I have no lands there ; if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness—I am no Jew.” The fellow’s vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances ; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. “ That I will, sir,” said he, “ and welcome ; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping : let us have another tankard while we are awake—let us have another tankard ; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full !

“ You must know, then, that I am very well descended : my ancestors have made some noise in the world ; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum : I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectable a genealogy ; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father was very fond of in-

Butt. Ale.

Oliver Goldsmith

structing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music ; so at the age of fifteen I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also ; neither the one trade nor the other was to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman : besides, I was obliged to obey my captain : he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours ; now I very reasonably concluded that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service ; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge ; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was,—sir, my service to you,—and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges ; in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done ? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way ; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment ; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance ; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off ; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his

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own door. The curate asked an hundred questions : as, whose son I was ; from whence I came ; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety,—sir, I have the honour of drinking your health,—discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months ; we did not much like each other : I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat ; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder : I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid ; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on ; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear,—in short, they found I would not do ; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

“ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an outhouse—I went and took the eggs from habit ; and not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bade adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of ‘ Stop, thief ! ’ but this only increased my dispatch : it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me—But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life !

“ Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players ! The

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moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them ; I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order. They were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way ; I offered my assistance, which they accepted ; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me ; they sang, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then ; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them ; I was a very good figure, as you may see ; and though I was poor, I was not modest.

“ I love a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, sometimes bad ; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when—the tankard is out—it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane ; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before ; and I was to snuff the candles ; all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio ; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet’s petticoat and pall ; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary’s, answered all the purposes of a bell ; and our landlord’s own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety,—I mean the nurse, the

The Mirabels. Characters of this name appear in plays by Farquhar, Fletcher, and Congreve, and all are of the merry order.

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starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction : the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success ; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see : natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it ; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness : that is the way to work for applause—that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself : I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company : they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive : I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate : they accepted my offer : and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me,—sir, your health,—and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found my memory excessively helped by drink-

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ing : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bade adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together, in order to rehearse ; and I informed my companions—masters now no longer—of the surprising change I felt within me. ‘ Let the sick man,’ said I, ‘ be under no uneasiness to get well again ; I’ll fill his place to universal satisfaction : he may even die if he thinks proper ; I’ll engage that he shall never be missed.’ I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that as I brought money to the house I ought to have my share in the profits. ‘ Gentlemen,’ said I, addressing our company, ‘ I don’t pretend to direct you ; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude : you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature, and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me : so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you ; otherwise I declare off ; I’ll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual.’ This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found it was impossible to refuse it ; it was irresistible,—it was adamant ; they consented, and I went on in *King Bajazet*—my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part ; I was tall, and had a loud voice ; my very entrance excited universal applause ; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full

King Bajazet. The Sultan of Turkey in the play of *Tamerlane*, by Rowe, who was captured by Tamerlane, the Emperor of Tartary.

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glasses—the tankard is almost out—of brandy. By Alla ! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it ; Tamerlane was but a fool to me ; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he ; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance : in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach ; it is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits : in short, I came off like a prodigy ; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success : one praised my voice, another my person. ‘ Upon my word,’ says the Squire’s lady, ‘ he will make one of the finest actors in Europe ; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.’ Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour ; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort : instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time : we obeyed : and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors.—Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say ; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out : I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero !—Such is the world : little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject—something truly sublime, upon the up and downs of fortune ; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

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“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company ; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated ; but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair ; all the country ladies were charmed : if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture ; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

“ There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London, and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits ; everybody praised me, yet she refused at first going to see me perform. She could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller ; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go ; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane ; but instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London ; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff ; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest : I broke my cudgel on Alderman

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Smuggler's back ; still gloomy, melancholy all—the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders: I attempted by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile ; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy: I found it would not do. All my good-humour now became forced ; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning ; and while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart : in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was ; my fame expired ; I am here, and—the tankard is no more ! ”

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS

IN every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities ; some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our inquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we, perhaps, may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way ; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. *Evenit nonnunquam*, says Quintilian, *ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper quaerit quod nimium est*.

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age ; every person who should now leave received opinions, who should

Station. Aim.

Amuse. Interest deeply.

Evenit nonnunquam, etc. It often happens that he who is always seeking after what is beyond his reach makes, by chance, some great discovery.

Should now . . . might be. The grammatical construction is rather obscure. We should now say, “Who now leaves . . . who attempts . . . is regarded” ; that is, we drop the conditional for the direct indicative mood—the modern tendency in any living language.

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attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered, as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties; and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author, who would be sublime, often runs his thought into burlesque; yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True Genius walks along a line; and, perhaps, our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel undiscouraged

Projector. Schemes. The word has already been used by Addison (see page 80) and given a derogatory meaning.

Criticism. This word has narrowed in meaning. Goldsmith means reviewing or commenting upon an author's work, either favourably or otherwise.

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by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves perhaps to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of those sagacious minds among us (and surely no nation, or no period, could ever compare with us in this particular) ; were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly to cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries, should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English : while our neighbours of the Continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper store for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers which might probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts ; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment ; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured ; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service.

Philosopher's stone. The alchemists of the Middle Ages sought for a "stone" which would change other metals to gold, overlooking the fact that if this could be done gold would lose its value by losing its scarcity.

Were any, etc. This is not one of Goldsmith's best sentences.

Oliver Goldsmith

Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish : the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs us to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world : the other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy, or ignorance.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.
TACITUS.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

THE clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity ever changing,

Bounding. Limiting.

Nec minus, etc. Good and evil report expose to equal dangers.

Paid in reversion. After a period, and in the case of authors, usually after their decease.

Eccentric. Enterprising. We have limited and debased the meaning of this word.

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but a few hours past, walked before me where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality !—Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

“ Here,” he cries, “ stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile ; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.”

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded ! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors

Defendants. Those who defend. This is another word which we have narrowed in meaning.

Oliver Goldsmith

of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

THE FAME MACHINE

SCARCE a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not

Turns its back. In some of the older parts of London doorsteps are covered by iron gratings to prevent vagrants from resting or sleeping upon them.

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loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to these who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with a handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due ; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment : but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved, we only accept, as debts, with indifference ; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame, seem resolved to part with praise neither from motives of justice, or generosity ; one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together ; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued ; though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit as well as applause, many among them are probably laying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.

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As I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor, of going a journey, in my imagination, and formed the following Reverie, too wild for allegory, and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of wagons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read, *The pleasure stage-coach* ; on another, *The wagon of industry* ; on a third, *The vanity whim* ; and on a fourth, *The landau of riches*. I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another ; but, I know not by what means, I passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance in the world ; and upon my nearer approach found it to be *The Fame machine*.

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, and that he once or twice was going to empty his berlin of the whole cargo ; however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If that be all, friend," said I, "and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart."

Berlin. A four-wheeled covered carriage with a hooded seat behind, commonly used by smart people of the period.

Temple of Fame. Pope has a poem with this title.

Colley Cibber (1671-1757). Dramatist, actor and poet, who became poet-laureate, and was satirized by Pope in his *Dunciad*.

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Open the door, I hope the machine rides easy." "Oh, for that, Sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, Sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach-hire." Examining my pockets, I own, I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering that I carried a number of the *Bee* under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendour of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. "In short, friend," said he, now losing all his former respect, "you must not come in: I expect better passengers, but as you seem a harmless creature, perhaps, if there be room left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door, and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word *Inspector*, which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little cere-

Sing ballads. A common practice of the time, the ballads dealing usually with political and national subjects.

Inspector. John Hill (1716-75), a physician, author of a *Cookery Book*, *Exotic Botany*, etc., and contributor to the *London Daily Advertiser* under this pen name.

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mony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Lord, Sir!" replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West India voyage. You are big enough, with all your papers, to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse me, indeed, Sir, for you must not enter." Our figure now began to expostulate; he assured the coachman, that though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the *Inspectors* was sent to dance back again, with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when in a few minutes the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay. Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so in order to ingratiate myself, I stept in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person who after him appeared as a candidate for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat, however, theatrical; and instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions.

Nosegay. A reference to Hill's works on botany. He was very vain of his fine appearance, and dressed in the height of the fashion.

Proteus. The Old Man of the Sea, who could change his form as he wished.

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The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him, at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful perusal of which none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed poet, "shall my tragedy, in which I have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue——" "Follow nature," returned the other, "and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom, or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained an admittance, but at present I beg, Sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching."

This was a very grave personage whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage-door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once shoved them out again. "What, not take in my dictionary!" exclaimed the other in a rage. "Be patient, Sir," replied the coachman, "I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets, may I presume to ask what it contains?" "A mere trifle," replied the author, "it is called the

My tragedy. This author was named Murphy, and his play was *The Orphan of China*, which is not much concerned with the cause of freedom. Goldsmith had written a review of this play, and Murphy stands here as a representative of the pretentious literary aspirant.

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Rambler. "The *Rambler*!" says the coachman. "I beg, Sir, you'll take your place; I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to the *Spectator*; though others have observed that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarce seated, when another, whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to inquire the contents. "These," replied the gentleman, "are rhapsodies against the religion of my country." "And how can you expect to come into my coach, after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?" "Aye, but I am right," replied the other; "and if you give me leave, I shall in a few minutes state the argument." "Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine." "If, then," said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage, "if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my history met with applause." "Yes," replied the coachman, "but I have heard only the first approved at the Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about you, enter without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd who were pushing forward

The Rambler. A paper started by Johnson in 1750, somewhat like the *Spectator*, but containing much more ponderous and sermonizing essays.

Clio. The muse of history. Addison used to sign a *Spectator* essay with one of the letters of this name, according as the paper was written at Chelsea, London, Islington, or the Office.

Another, whose appearance, etc. David Hume (1711-76), historian and philosopher, author of *Human Understanding*, as well as many essays on religion, which roused a great stir.

My history. The first volume of Hume's *History of England* was not well received, but later volumes were very popular.

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to a person that seemed more inclined to the *stage-coach of riches* ; but by their means he was driven forward to the same machine, which he, however, seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous history, and demanding admittance. " Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned," says the coachman, " but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place ? " " None," replied the other, " except a romance ; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim future attention." " You mistake," says the inquisitor, " a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais ; and if you think fit, you may enter."

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion ; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions. Strange ! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in whose pretensions, I was sensible, were very just ; I there-

A person that seemed. Tobias Smollett (1721-71), author of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*.
Segrais (1624-1701). A French author of romances.

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fore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers ; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down ; but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and, for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

HISTORY OF A POET'S GARDEN

OF all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardour of his hopes, that they often are equal to actual enjoyment ; and he feels more in expectance than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him ; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done, if a man knew how little he can do ! How wretched a creature would he be if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects ! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone, who was himself a poet, and possessed of that

Mr. Shenstone. William Shenstone (1714-63), poet, lived at Leasowes, a house at Halesowen, Worcestershire, where he spent his time and money on making a remarkable landscape garden. He wrote *The Schoolmistress*, and several well-known pastoral lyrics.

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warm imagination which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following Reverie.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water, enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk, by which ran a prattling brook, the Genius of the place appeared before me, but more resembling the God of Time, than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of gardens. Instead of shears he bore a scythe ; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse ; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedges that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius, with a sigh, received my condolence, and assured me that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing farther, he went on :

“ You see, in the place before you, the paternal inheritance of a poet ; and, to a man content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence : but a strong imagination, and a long acquaintance with the rich, are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its

God of Time. The symbolic figure with the bald head, forelock, hour-glass, and scythe.

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future enjoyment, and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense ; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner went forward ; one beauty attained led him to wish for some other ; but he still hoped that every emendation would be the last. It was now therefore found, that the Improvement exceeded the subsidy—that the place was grown too large and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire ; the garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea, of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life, was found unfaithful ; so that, instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his Improvement.

“ In consequence of this hope, which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger ; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticize, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause, as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples and the walls of his retreats were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity ; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

“ In this situation the poet continued for a time, in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden by this time was completely grown and finished ; the marks of art were covered

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up by the luxuriance of nature ; the winding walks were grown dark ; the brook assumed a natural sylvage ; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

“ The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse ; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every turn was marked with the poet’s pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

“ As the poet’s ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button maker’s were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose ; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hog-sties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

“ The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend : but unfortunately he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air ; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or a temple ; the Improvement was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

“ In this manner, in less than ten years, the Im-

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provement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure, have been enlightened; those walks which led naturally, have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a Dryad or a Wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might perhaps find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia."

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

CHARLES LAMB was the son of a barrister's clerk, and was born in Crown Office Row in the Temple, whose old-world atmosphere clung to him for the whole of his life. His father's patron, Samuel Salt, obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he was educated and where he formed a friendship with the future poet Coleridge which was to last a lifetime—both the friends passing away in the same year.

After school, Samuel Salt obtained for Lamb a clerkship in the South-Sea House, from whence he passed to the East India House, where he was employed until his retirement, some twenty-six years later, "relieving the drudgery of the desk's dead wood" by close study of our earlier literature, the joys of which he shared with his sister Mary. His home life was gloomy, his father growing childish (he had now retired on a small pension) and his mother an invalid, while all the home cares fell upon Mary. There was a strain of insanity in the family, and one day Mary stabbed her mother, who had interfered between her and an apprentice to the dressmaking business with which she kept the household going. After this Charles devoted his life to his sister, acting as her legal guardian and taking her to the asylum whenever it was apparent that another fit of her mental sickness was coming on. This sacrifice of his literary ambitions cost him many a pang, but he had his reward in Mary's companionship during her lucid intervals, and has probably won more fame by his unselfishness and brotherly tenderness than he might have done under happier external circumstances.



CHARLES LAMB
(From a drawing by Daniel Maclise)

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Lamb began his literary work with poetry and play-writing but had little success. Then, with Mary's collaboration, he produced the famous *Tales from Shakespeare*, Mary writing the comedies and Charles the tragedies. By this work they made sixty guineas and fame. Charles wrote many critical papers for the various magazines, and made friends with Hazlitt, Southey, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and other leading literary figures, and it was Hazlitt who introduced him to the editor of the *London Magazine*, and the *Essays of Elia* began to appear. The first collection of these papers was published in 1823—two years before Lamb's retirement on a generous pension—and the *Last Essays of Elia* in 1833. These essays give Lamb his high place in English literature. They appeal not only to the literary mind but also to the ordinary man and woman, and they reveal a personality which is lovable in the extreme. His *Correspondence* was collected and published about fifty years after his death, and his letters to his friends are as delightful as his essays.

He died about a year after the appearance of his *Last Essays*, and was buried in Edmonton Churchyard. Mary Lamb survived her brother about thirteen years.

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

I WAS born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those

Temple. In 1941 this home of the lawyers suffered greatly from air-raids. The Round Church was burnt out, only the shell remaining. The Inner Temple Hall and Library, the Treasurer's Office, about half of the lawyers' chambers, Crown Office Row, the south side of Pump Court, part of Brick Court, and part of Harcourt Buildings were demolished.

Charles Lamb

young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride.

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile

Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,
confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! a man would give

Templar knights. An Order of knighthood founded in 1118 for the defence of the Temple at Jerusalem. The English branch of the Order built the Temple, and on its dissolution in 1312 the buildings passed to the Knights Hospitallers, and later to the lawyers.

Goodly pile. The Paper Building.

Hight means called.

Crown Office Row. This was rebuilt in 1863, and a plaque was affixed to the wall with an inscription from this part of the essay. This wall and plaque survived the first Nazi attack!

Twickenham. A suburban retreat on the Thames near Richmond where, in Lamb's day, the river might be thought a fitting haunt for Naiads, the goddesses or nymphs of the stream.

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something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times ! to the astonishment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic ! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light ! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep !

Ah ! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived !

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dullness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart language of the old dial ! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished ? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warbling by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun" ; and, turning

Nice. Delicate.

Charles Lamb

philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sundials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes :

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings ;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Marvell. Andrew Marvell (1621-78), a poet with whose period Lamb was very familiar as well as with the poets of the time of Elizabeth. Hence his frequent references to these periods of literature, and his use of words and phrases which had become obsolete in his day.

Higher up. That is in Marvell's poem entitled "The Garden."

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How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we ;
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers ?

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile ! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand ? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man, and mannish ? Is the world all grown up ? Is childhood dead ? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments ? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures that still flutter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance ? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered ?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner Temple hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former ? a stately arms !

Uttered. Emitted or sent out.

Charles Lamb

and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianised the end of the Paper-buildings?—my first hint of allegory! They must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J——ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

Sided. Made to stand aside.

Elisha bear. See 2 Kings ii., vv. 23-24.

Dark rappee. Snuff-coloured.

Four Essayists

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen ; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a Whig, and Coventry a staunch Tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humour—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man ; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner-party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution—and L., who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set

Samuel Salt. Lamb's benefactor and the employer of his father, John Lamb, who appears later in this essay under the name of Lovel.

Pose him. Put him out of countenance.

Charles Lamb

out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him—observed, “It was a gloomy day,” and added, “Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose.” Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantly with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre.—Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long resolved, yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven.

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsi-

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monious habits which in after-life never forsook him ; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds ; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer ; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch as he said, " the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuere*. He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C. was a close hunk—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed, who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence, he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away £30,000 at once in his life-time to a blind charity. His house-keeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Moidore. A former Portuguese gold coin worth about 27s.

Hic currus, etc. Here were (his) chariot and armour. In ancient times chariot and armour were the most precious of possessions.

Hunks. A mean fellow. The word is now obsolete. Lamb used many words of this kind, drawing them from his readings in earlier literature, not to show off his learning but to suggest that some of these words might be used again to advantage. It certainly seems a pity that we have lost such a word as " hunks."

Charles Lamb

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world ; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of every thing. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his “flapper,” his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in any thing without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and “would strike.” In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him : and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank, where something better was not concerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick’s, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely ; turned cribbage boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection ; took a hand at

Flapper. One who jogs another’s memory. The word comes from Dean Swift’s *Gulliver’s Travels*.

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quadrille or bowls with equal facility ; made punch better than any man of his degree in England ; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a-fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favourite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes—"was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm-in-arm in those days—"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,"—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness ; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His

Bayes. A character in *The Rehearsal* (1671), by Charles Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

cheeks were colourless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he *was*. Contemporaneous with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burly and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry,—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurer-ship came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dine—answering to the combination rooms at college—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him.—Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humoured and personable—Twopenny, good-humoured, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect set him upon it. It was a trial of poising. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his

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cat's ears extremely, when anything had offended him. Jackson—the omniscient Jackson he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the manciple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, *aitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute, before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why

Friar Bacon. Roger Bacon (1214-94), Franciscan friar, scientist, and philosopher, as well as inventor of gunpowder (?), the telescope, camera obscura, and a magnifying glass. He suffered for his researches as a "magician" at the hands of the priests.

Edge bone. A corruption of *aitchbone*, the cut of beef lying over the buttock or rump bone.

Charles Lamb

comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as “old men covered with a mantle,” walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,—in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital, from every-day forms educing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

P.S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me, married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character!—Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman,

Goshen. See Genesis xlv. 10.

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before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy sub-treasurer—who respects his old and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of the license which *Magazines* have arrived at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his furthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, O ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindest of human creatures. Should infirmities overtake him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allowances for them, remembering that “ye yourselves are old.” So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

MY RELATIONS

I AM arrived at that point of life, at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity—and sometimes think feelingly of a

Winged Horse. The badge of the Knights Templars.

Charles Lamb

passage in Browne's Christian Morals, where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved, and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, in Stanhope's Translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down,—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day—it was in the infancy of that

Browne. Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82), author and physician, who wrote *Religio Medici* and was one of Lamb's favourite authors, while his books were the source of many old or obsolete words used by Lamb in his own writings.

An aunt. This was "Aunt Hetty," who was Sarah Lamb and sister of Charles Lamb's father; "James" is John Lamb, junior, the brother of Charles; and Bridget here, as in other essays, is Mary Lamb.

Thomas à Kempis (1379–1471). A German monastic and religious writer. His most famous book, *Imitatio Christi*, has been translated into nearly every language.

Essex Street. A London meeting-house for religious services.

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heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repartee*; one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her!—But I have cousins, sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides *two*, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

Brother, or sister. This is "Elia" speaking.

Grand climacteric. The critical period in health, of the sixty-third year.

Charles Lamb

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate ; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandian lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles.—The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others ; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions.—With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does, or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say* so—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell

Yorick. The pen-name of Laurence Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. Sterne also wrote the novel *Tristram Shandy*.

Antithetical. This is well shown in what immediately follows.

Phlegm. The four chief fluids or “humours” of the body—namely: blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy—were said by early “medical” writers to determine a person's nature according as one of them preponderated. A phlegmatic person was one who was steady to slowness, surprised at nothing, and lacking in enthusiasm. A “sanguine” temperament, on the other hand, was due to preponderance of the first-named humour.

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again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker.—He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,—and has a spirit, that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet, and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three-quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness,—“where could we be better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*”—“prefers, for

Short stages. Stage-coaches which travelled for short distances and started from the foot of Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, in which street was, and still is, the publishing office of John Murray.

Charles Lamb

his part, a state of rest to locomotion,"—with an eye all the while upon the coachman—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily that "the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant."

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logic, and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him*—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will be all changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovereth no system of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with

Consonantly enough to this. In agreement with this. We should now begin the sentence with "Indeed he has been heard to deny."

Conceit. Idea or thought. This word has become debased.

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a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbima—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's, and Phillips's—or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must do*,—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light till *he* has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aërial perspective—though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luckless wight, who does not only respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!—The last is always his best hit—his “Cynthia of the minute.” Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in*—a Raphael!—keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons—then, after certain intermedial degradations from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlour,—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-

Carracci. Three Italian painters of the sixteenth century, of high standing, but not, of course, outstanding like Raphael.

Filiation. Parenthood or sonship.

Charles Lamb

room, *go out* at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woful Queen of Richard the Second—

—set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May.
Sent back like Hollowmass or shortest day.

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old-established playgoer, that Mr. Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily suffering exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle of the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The

Hollowmass. Or Hallowmass; *i.e.* All Souls' Day, which falls on the 2nd of the month of November.

Advertised me. Told or informed me. The word is now narrowed in meaning, and perhaps a little debased.

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contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that "all for pity he could die." It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that "true yoke-fellow with Time," to have effected as much for the *Animal* as *he* hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of *****, because the fervour of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid!—With all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsman breathing.

Thomas Clarkson (1760–1846). A philanthropist and agitator against negro slavery and the slave trade, the latter of which was abolished in 1807.

Equivocal. Not acceptable or out of place.

Black-balled out of. Expelled from. The reference is to the method of electing or choosing members of a social club by the use of a number of coloured balls, the drawing of a black ball being a sign of rejection.

Charles Lamb

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness ; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.” We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed ; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her,

Rash king's offspring. Jephthah's daughter. See Judges, chap. xi.

With a difference. See *Hamlet*, Act iv. sc. 5, Ophelia's speech beginning “there's fennel for you.”

Burton. Robert Burton (1577–1640), author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

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that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without

Margaret Newcastle. Margaret Cavendish (1624–74), Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote a biography of her husband as well as her own autobiography, in both of which she gives excellent pictures of the life and manners of her period.

Free-thinkers. People of liberal ideas. This word also has deteriorated.



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fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly ; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to ; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it ; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter ; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit ; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End ; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly,

Stuff of the conscience. Serious matters concerning right and wrong.

Charles Lamb

in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house, —delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and *I* thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Bruton. Lamb's maternal grandmother was Mary Field, born Bruton, and was housekeeper and custodian of a mansion at Blakesware in Hertfordshire. Her sister was married to a yeoman farmer named Gladman, and resided at Mackery End.

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Still the air breathed balmily about it ; the season was in the " heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation !

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy ; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown) with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable ; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me ; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans ; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had their cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as

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gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together ; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins ! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming ; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astonishment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me ; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those

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pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

IN Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,* such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a

I remember L. In this essay L. stands for Lamb himself. The aunt mentioned below is the Aunt Hetty of "My Relations." Of the many schoolfellows here described, the only one whose identification matters is Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet (1772-1834).

Sub-treasurer, etc. Samuel Salt, the employer of Lamb's father, who had secured the boy's presentation to Christ's Hospital.

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slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

Banyan, or banian, the name of an Indian tree, which roots itself over a wide area. The word is here used to mean vegetable.

Caro equina. Horse-flesh.

Crags. Portions of neck of mutton.

Rare. Uncooked.

Griskin. Lean part of loin of bacon.

Cate. Choice food. Rarely used, especially in the plural.

Tishbite. See 1 Kings, xvii.

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I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough ; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead ! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years ! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces ! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire !

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *wholeday-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes :—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields ; and strip under the first warmth of the sun ; and wanton like young dace in the streams ; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the

I was. Here Lamb is describing a typical pupil who did not live near the school.

Charles Lamb

very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them !—How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired !

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement ; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow ; and under the cruellest penalties

Lions in the Tower. In the King's menagerie, from which the animals were transferred to the Zoo in 1834, six years after the founding of the Zoological Gardens.

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forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered —— at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts,—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fullness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have

Caligula. Roman emperor, A.D. 37-41, who, after a promising start as a ruler, distinguished himself by such excesses that he was assassinated. One of his achievements was to give a great banquet on a bridge of boats, and then have some of the guests thrown into the sea. Modern times would have judged him insane.

Jericho. See Joshua, chap. vi.

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forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

To feed our mind with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goul*, and held in equal detestation. — suffered under the imputation.

— 'Twas said,
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured

The Trojan. Æneas at Carthage, in the palace of Queen Dido, who fell in love with him.

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them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated ; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy ; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds !—The

Charles Lamb

governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of —, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember —. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad ; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven ; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him* ;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude :—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.* This was the penalty

* One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part

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for the second offence.—Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire;—all trace of his late “watchet weeds” carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.’s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of them, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle

of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard’s brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul), methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue.

Howard. John Howard (1726–90), prison reformer, whose statue was set up in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Auto da fé. Execution of a heretic by burning after condemnation by the Inquisition.

Watchet weeds. Long blue coat of the Christ’s Hospital boy. Watchet is said to be derived from the same root as *woad*, the blue or purple dye of the Ancient Britons.

Ultima Supplicia. The final humiliation.

Charles Lamb

turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours ; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room ; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master : but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form ; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across

Lictor. The official who beat the offender with rods (the " fasces " of the Romans).

San Benito. Lamb keeps up the comparison with the *auto da fé*, the S.B. being the black garment, painted with flames and devils, worn by the impenitent heretic.

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the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod ; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it “ like a dancer.” It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority ; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us ; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to “ insolent Greece or haughty Rome,” that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operation ; making little sun-dials of paper ; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles* ; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe ; or studying the art military over that laudable game “ French and English,” and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian* ; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the

Rousseau and John Locke. Both these writers favoured “ self-expression ” in education and freedom from bookishness !

Charles Lamb

classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education ; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us ; his storms came near, but never touched us ; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry. His boys turned out the better scholars ; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude ; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."

Helots. These were the slaves of Greek "democracy."

Samite. The Greek philosopher Pythagoras, of the Greek island of Samos, whose pupils were enjoined to secrecy and silence, which was resented by the common people. Many of the Pythagoreans were massacred, and the philosopher is said to have been murdered.

Gideon's miracle. See Judges vi. 36-40.

Four Essayists

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.*—He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle.—He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer.—J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?"—

Ululantes. Shriekers or howlers.

Tartarus. The infernal regions of antiquity.

Scrannel. Producing a weak screeching noise.

Flaccus. Horatius Flaccus (Horace), the Roman poet, who wrote a skit on a man named Rex in *Satires* I., 7, 34.

Terence. A Roman comic poet (192–158 B.C.). The references are (1) to his play *Andria*, Act V., Sc. 1, where a liar is said to look "solemn and earnest," (2) to his *Adelphi*, Act III., Sc. 3, which must be read as a whole in order to understand the reference.

Caxon. A kind of wig (obscure word).

* In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of *Vertumnus and Pomona*, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation*.

Charles Lamb

Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah" (his favourite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"and I WILL too."—In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W—— having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity, averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned*. This exquisite irreognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory* struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the County Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better

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than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—“Poor J. B. !—may all his faults be forgiven ; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.”

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors !—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate !—Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks.—Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic ; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing.

First Grecian. The boys of the top form were known as Grecians.

Charles Lamb

A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——; of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*! Many were the “wit-combats” (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G——, “which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English

Dark pillar, etc. A reference to Coleridge in his pathetic decline when he had recourse to opium.

Mirandula. Pico della Mirandula, a noted Italian scholar of the sixteenth century.

Grey Friars. The founders of Christ's Hospital.

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man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs ; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl—*," for a gentler greeting—" *bless thy handsome face !* "

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F—— ; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp ; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca :—Le G—— sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured ; F—— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T—— mildest of missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

Nireus. The handsomest man among the Greeks before Troy.

Sizars. So named (in Cambridge and Dublin universities) from the rations allowed them from the college buttery.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shackwell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.*

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-

The South-Sea House. This was the first essay that Lamb, as Elia, wrote for the *London Magazine*. He was a clerk in the South-Sea House for five months from September 1791, and then passed to the East India House, his brother John remaining at the South-Sea House. Probably the following descriptions of the clerks are based on meetings in John Lamb's rooms.

Secure a place. On the local coach.

* "I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."
OSSIAN.

Four Essayists

governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty ;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated ;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama !—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration :—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an “unsunned heap,” for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal, —long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.—

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic ! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfoetation of dirt !) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne’s reign ; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux’s superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE ! Silence and

Bubble. The South-Sea Bubble. See any reliable history.

Vaux. Guy Fawkes.

Manes. Ghosts.

Charles Lamb

destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial !

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house ! there is a charm in thy quiet :—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful ! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide ! They spoke of the past :—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*,—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. The heavy, odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

Rubric interlacings. Entries and ruled lines in *red* ink.

Pounce-boxes. Containing fine powder used to prevent ink from spreading on paper with a rough surface, *i.e.* to serve the purpose of blotting-paper.

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The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine

Genius. Spirit, feeling, or atmosphere.

Cambro-Briton. A Welshman. Cambria was the old name for Wales.

Maccaronies. Fops or beaux of the eighteenth century.

Gib-cat. A tom-cat.

Charles Lamb

himself one ; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one : his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour ! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin ! How would he dilate into secret history ! His countryman, Pennant himself in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosomond's pond stood—the Mulberry Gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalised in his picture of *Noon*,—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials !

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse,

Anderton's. A hotel on Ludgate Hill.

Heroic confessors. The Huguenots.

Four Essayists

you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them altogether. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. "He thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, with

Saw. A wise remark, or epigram.

Derwentwater. The northern noble family who supported the Jacobites.

Decus et solamen. Dignity (or honour) and comfort.

Charles Lamb

other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, (I know not who is the occupier of them now,) resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25, 1s. 6d.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South Sea hopes were young—he was indeed equal to the wielding of any of the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days):—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal.

Lord Midas. The king of antiquity who, though immensely rich, asked the gods to give him the power of turning everything he touched to gold.

Four Essayists

His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world : he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements ; it betrays itself, not you : it is mere temperament ; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising ; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, “greatly find quarrel in a straw,” when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life ; or leaned against the rails of a balcony ; or walked under the ridge of a parapet ; or looked down a precipice ; or let off a gun ; or went upon a water-party ; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it : neither was it recorded of him that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon ? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House ? who never enteredst thy office in a morning or quittedst it in midday (what didst *thou* in an office ?) without some quirk that left a sting ! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten

Fortinbras. A prince of Norway. See Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Charles Lamb

volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the “new-born gauds” of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond—and such small politics.—

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend)—from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old Whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's “Life of Cave.” Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild,

Franks. Signature on letters or documents to confer privileges; e.g. the free transport of letters.

Four Essayists

childlike, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishops-gate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.——

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations*?—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!——

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names* which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece:——

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

Sing. Relate or tell, as a kind of poet.

Wafer. A small adhesive disc used for sealing letters and documents.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it reads not), never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet——methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college——a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place * * * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * * not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-

Quis sculpsit. Who has engraved (the print); *e.g.* *Vivares sculpsit.*
Agnize. Confess or acknowledge (obsolete).

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ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion. * * * * * So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times.

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old *Basket Prayer Book*. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti—I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred :—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

Red-letter days. Certain saints' days, indicated in the older Prayer Books by red type, which were kept as holidays.

Peter. Who is said to have been crucified head downwards at his own request, as he was not worthy to be crucified like his Master.

Marsyas by Spagnoletti. Marsyas was a flute-player who challenged Apollo, and was flayed alive for his presumption. The incident is depicted in a famous painting by the Italian artist here named.

Better Jude. Saints Simon and Jude shared a day, October 28, between them, the latter bearing, of course, the same forename as the traitor Iscariot.



CHARLES LAMB

(From a sketch after Hazlitt's portrait in which Lamb appears as a Venetian senator (!), and which is now in the National Portrait Gallery.)

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These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would once in six years merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths, I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not

Epiphany. January 6.

Bodley. Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613), an English diplomatist who founded the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Admitted ad eundem (gradum). The admission of a graduate of one university to the same degree in another.

Gentleman Commoner. A privileged undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge.

Charles Lamb

think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a *devoir* to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses* are we, that cannot look forward with the

Seraphic Doctor. A graduate of the highest order. Lamb here makes a side reference to St. Bonaventura (1221–74), General of the Franciscans.

Christ's. Christ Church. Lamb erroneously gives the name by which his school was familiarly known to the Oxford College.

Manciple. The officer who bought provisions for a college or a collegiate institution like one of the Inns of Court.

Janus. The god of two faces, one looking to the past and the other to the future.

* Januses of one face.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

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same idolatry with which we for ever revert ! the mighty future is as nothing, being every thing ! the past is every thing, being nothing !

What were thy *dark ages* ? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping !

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library ! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage ; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones* so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculeanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-

Arride. Please (obsolete).

Sciential apples. Those of the Garden of the Hesperides which the Earth goddess gave to Hera (Juno) on her marriage with Zeus (Jupiter). “Sciential” because the eating of the apple was regarded as a means of obtaining knowledge. Note that the apple is not named in the story of the Fall in Genesis.

Variæ lectiones. Different readings in MSS. of a particular work.

G. D. George Dyer was Lamb’s senior at Christ’s Hospital, and had a brilliant career at Cambridge, which seems to have prevented him from doing anything more.

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explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C——. Your caputs and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend.

Russia. Russian leather.

Scapula. A monk in working dress.

Priority of foundation. The question as to whether Cambridge or Oxford was founded first.

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They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.'s in Bedford Square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at M.'s—Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty A. S. at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were “certainly not to return from the country before that day week”) and disappointed a second time, inquiries for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly

In manu. In hand.

Queen Lar. The chief of the *lares*, the household gods of the Romans.

Sosia. The slave of Amphytrion, a Theban general. As a “god-like” joke, Mercury assumed the form of Sosia, and Jupiter that of Amphytrion, whereupon complications followed similar to those in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* (q.v.).

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encounter his own duplicate ! The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or cosphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths”—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis are to him “better than all the waters of Damascus.” On the Muses’ hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains ; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

Harrington. James Harrington (1611–77), a political philosopher and author of *Oceana*, in which he propounded a scheme for the foundation of an oligarchical republic.

Delectable Mountains, House Beautiful. See Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

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A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the

Roast Pig. In a letter to Coleridge, then living at Highgate, of March 9, 1827, Lamb mentions a pig which appears to have been presented to the poet, probably a small sucking-pig.

Confucius (c. 551-478 B.C.). The leading Chinese sage, prophet, and teacher.

pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of

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his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than

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ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed

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of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælude* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender

Mundus edibilis. The eatable world.

Princeps obsoniorum. The prince of victuals.

Amor immunditiæ. Love of foul or forbidden things.

Charles Lamb

blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and ex-coriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain

Best of Savors. Best of all tasty things.

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from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-

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meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance,

Intenerating. Making tender.

Four Essayists

naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holydays, or to remember them but as the

Barbecue. Roast whole.

Charles Lamb

prerogatives of childhood ; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant play-time, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly content, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself ; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No bookstalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving

Six and thirty years. In a letter to Wordsworth of April 6, 1825, Lamb writes: "Here I am after 33 years' slavery sitting in my own room at 11 o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man with £441 a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at 90. £441 a year is £450, with a deduction of £9 for a provision secured to my sister she being survivor."

Four Essayists

all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour ; and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence ; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the the distance keep touch with me ? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them ? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest ? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would wake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were ; and the wood had entered into my soul.

Charles Lamb

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance ; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure ; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when, to my utter astonishment, B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that ? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted !), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I

Words of course. Ordinary expressions of sorrow or condolence.

Four Essayists

had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world, the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner of the Old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the

Firm. Lamb is, of course, writing as Elia, and necessarily dressing up the real account with a thin veil of fiction.

Esto perpetua! May (the firm) live for ever.

Charles Lamb

blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away ; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in these old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle-light Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure ; I let it come to me. I am like the man

—that's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.

“Years,” you will say ; “what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon ? He has already told us he is past fifty.”

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been so closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead

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to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy, by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death.—

——'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk ; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all ? or was I a coward simply ? Well, it is too late to repent, and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly ! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly ! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services !—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old stately

Charles Lamb

House of Merchants ; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light ; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell ! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering book-seller, my " works ! " There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful ! My mantle, I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left ; an unsettling sense of novelty ; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise ? What is become of Fish Street Hill ? Where is Fenchurch Street ? Stones of old Mincing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal ? I indent

Aquinas. Thomas Aquinas (1227-74), a Dominican known as the Angelic Doctor, and one of the greatest theologians and authors of the mediæval Church. He was a leader among the "schoolmen," with whose hair-splitting arguments Lamb had little sympathy.

Indent. Move in a zigzag course.

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the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days ; in its distance from, or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white ? What is gone of Black Monday ? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and overcare to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring ; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for ? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO ; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those

Cantle. Piece or slice cut off.

Charles Lamb

accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

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QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. Who was Montaigne and what did he write ?
2. Here is a translated passage from Montaigne's *Essais* (1580). Study it carefully :

" Reader, loe here is a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end : I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory ! My forces are not capable of any such designe. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends : to the end that losing me (which they are likely to doe ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that means reserve more whole, and more lively foster the knowledge and acquaintance they had of me. Had my intention beene to forestall and purchase the world's opinion and favour, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study : for it is my selfe I pourtray."

How far does this paragraph apply to each of the four English writers, samples of whose work are contained in this book ?

3. What is the aim of the true essay writer ?
4. What is the difference between (a) an essay and a thesis, (b) an essay and a review of a book ?
5. What rule about paragraphing is necessary for the writer of a thesis, but which may be neglected by an essay writer ?

Questions and Exercises

6. Compare and contrast the Baconian with the Addisonian sentence.
7. Why are the essays of Goldsmith and Lamb longer than those of Bacon and Addison?
8. Why is Bacon much more difficult to read than Addison? and Addison more difficult than Goldsmith?
9. What were the causes of Lamb's frequent use of quaint, curious, or obsolete words and phrases?
10. Why is it necessary to paraphrase Bacon's essays and not those of Goldsmith?
11. What class of society is represented by each of our four essayists?
12. Which of the four authors wrote essays professionally?
13. Which of the four writers has given us the most personal essays?
14. Make an attempt at an Addisonian essay on (a) "Sir Roger at the Cinema," (b) "Sir Roger 'listens-in.'"
15. Write a letter to the *Spectator* on one of the following subjects: "Safety First," "Speed Restrictions," "Strap-hanging," "Theatre Queues."
16. Attempt an account at a meeting between Sir Roger and "The Man in Black," or "Beau Tibbs."
17. Discuss the statement that the eighteenth-century essayists dealt with the oddities of life.
18. Make up a day's entry for an ordinary modern day.
19. What characteristics are common to all the essays in this book?
20. Contrast Bacon with Goldsmith or Lamb from the point of view of (a) style, (b) language, (c) outlook on life.
21. Describe some social customs of the time of (a) Addison, (b) Goldsmith, which are not followed to-day.
22. Make a list of some of the social abuses referred to in the various essays of this book.
23. Why are the essays of Lamb or Goldsmith more popular to-day than those of Bacon?
24. Compare Lamb's school life with your own.
25. Why was Goldsmith known as "Doctor," and had he any real right to the title?
26. Is Goldsmith merely satirical in "Beau Tibbs" and "The Strolling Player"? Discuss.
27. Which are more personal or "subjective," the essays of Bacon or those of Goldsmith?

Questions and Exercises

28. Sum up the character of "The Man in Black."
29. From which Addisonian essay did Goldsmith probably borrow his phrase, "The Citizen of the World"?
30. Contrast the typical Elia sentence with the Addisonian.
31. What excursions outside London are made by these four essayists?
32. Which of the four essayists do you consider most convincing as a reformer, and why?
33. Name your favourite "characters" in these essays, and give reasons for your preference.
34. Which of the essayists had close relations with trade and traders? Discuss.

BACON'S ESSAYS

Of Truth (page 16).—(1) Read St. John, chap. xviii., and then say whether we should now use the epithet "jesting" as applied to Pilate in verse 38. (2) Exemplify from this first essay that Bacon's style of writing is one of "compressed thought." (3) Bacon opposes truth to lie, but seems to mean fact *versus* fancy in dealing with poetry, and honesty *versus* cheating in dealing with the merchant. What insight does this give into his outlook? (4) Remembering that this essay was written in Bacon's early manhood, and before the acts which sully his name had been committed, show how pathetic are some of its expressed opinions. (5) Compare the passage, "The first creature (*i.e.* creation) of God . . . face of his chosen," with the first chapter of Genesis. (6) In what sense is the word "faith" employed in the last sentence? (7) Explain, or modernize, the following expressions: there be that delight; is at a stand; come to the price; sovereign good; so always that this prospect; sect; civil business; saith prettily. (8) Select the three sentences which you consider most eloquent in this essay. (9) "The poet that beautified the sect." What was the "sect," who was the poet who "beautified" it, and what did Bacon think about its philosophy?

Of Death (page 18).—(1) Explain "the most vital

Questions and Exercises

parts are not the quickest of sense." (2) Select six words from this essay which are used with different meanings than would be given them to-day. (3) Of the ancients quoted, which do you think comes nearest to Bacon's own point of view? (4) Modernize "blacks and obsequies," "mates and masters," "fear preoccupateth (death)," "niceness and satiety," "bestowed too much cost upon death," "the dolours of death." (5) Select three epigrams from this essay.

Of Revenge (page 21).—(1) Explain "wild justice," "a man's enemy is still beforehand," "keeps his own wounds green," "Public revenges are for the most part fortunate." (2) What is the significance of "I am sure" in the eighth line? (3) Does Bacon always use the word "revenge" as we should use it? (4) Show that the reputed saying of Cosmus is a mere quibble. (5) Select two epigrammatic sentences. (6) Which sentence in this essay might Essex have quoted against Bacon? (7) From what kind of literature does Bacon most frequently quote?

Of Great Place (page 22).—(1) Modernize the first part of this essay down to "offer age to scorn." (2) Apply the opinions of this essay to Bacon's own career. (3) What is meant by "borrow other men's opinions," "great place," "the standing is slipping," "Illi mors, etc. (p. 23)," "not to care," "conscience of the same," "God's theatre," "imitation is a globe of precepts." (4) Select six words which we should not use in the Baconian sense. (5) Show that Bacon usually arranges his subjects so as to deal with Man: (a) As a social animal, (b) as an individual, (c) as God's creature. (6) Make an attempt at paragraphing this essay. (7) Paraphrase the passage "For corruption . . . to close corruption," and apply it to Bacon's own experience.

Of Travel (page 26).—(1) Select four epigrammatic sentences from this essay. (2) Explain "young men should go hooded," "consistories ecclesiastic," "a great adamant of acquaintance," "diet in such places where there is good company," "has the life agreeth with the fame," "his country manners." (3) What would be the effect of keeping a diary of seeing all the places and objects listed on page 26? (4) Make your own list of the things you would wish to write or observe in foreign travel.

Questions and Exercises

Of Delay (page 28).—(1) Why has someone called Bacon's essays "potted wisdom"? (2) Select epigrams as before. (This essay appears to have been made up of such things.) (3) Quote some proverbial sayings expressing the ideas of this essay.

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self (page 29).—(1) Explain "waste the public," "right earth," "crooketh to his own ends," "made but the accessory," "set a bias upon their bowl." (2) Find a reference to political ideas of the reign of James I. in the first part of this essay. (3) Can you detect in this essay any signs of criticism of Bacon's contemporaries?

Of Friendship (page 31).—(1) Discuss Bacon's method of (a) beginning, and (b) ending. (2) Explain "sequester to man's self for a higher conversation," "a kind of civil shrift," "sorteth to inconvenience," "heir in remainder," "imagery doth appear in figure," "pass in smother," "drylight," "infused and drenched in his affections and customs." (3) Select epigrams from this essay. (4) Give historical examples of the result of royal "friendships." (5) Why does Bacon draw his examples from ancient history? (6) Sum up the "fruits of friendship" as described in this essay. (6) Paraphrase the saying of Themistocles (p. 36).

Of Plantations (page 39).—(1) Give examples of British "plantations" in a "pure soil." (2) Give examples of extirpations. (3) Did we ever do the "shameful and unblessed thing" referred to on page 40? (4) What would you add to Bacon's list of colonists and commodities (pages 40-41)? (5) Comment on Bacon's advice with regard to mining in colonies. (6) Why does Bacon recommend a dictator for a plantation?

Of Riches (page 42).—(1) Explain "personal fruition," "power of dole and donative," "great riches have sold more men," "friarly contempt," "parsimony . . . is not innocent," "expect the prime of markets," "chopping of bargains," "scriveners and brokers." (2) Do you think that Bacon was a poor or a wealthy man when he wrote this essay? (3) Select epigrammatic sentences from this essay. (4) Make a list of English industries in Bacon's time from this essay. (5) Paraphrase (a) "The gains of ordinary trades . . . plough upon Sundays," (b) "He that resteth . . . uphold losses." (6) Show

Questions and Exercises

from this essay that certain "modern" commercial practices were well known in Bacon's time.

Of Gardens (page 46).—(1) Expand the following: "A man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." (2) Comment on the following: "Bacon's sentence bends beneath the weight of his thought like a branch beneath the weight of its fruit. Bacon seems to have written his essays with Shakespeare's pen." *Alexander Smith* (*Dream-thorpe*). (3) In what kind of garden was Bacon chiefly interested? Compare him in this respect with Shakespeare. (4) Try to make a plan of Bacon's ideal garden. (5) What is meant by "images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff"? (6) Make an analysis of the subject-matter of this essay. (7) How much of this discourse on gardens is of practical interest, or warning, to anyone with a garden of moderate size? (8) Someone has called this essay "a dream." Can you suggest why?

Of Studies (page 53).—(1) Modernize the first part of this essay, down to "bounded in by experience." (2) Quote epigrammatic sentences from this essay. (3) Give examples of the various kinds of books. (4) Explain "poets (make men) witty," "to beat over matters," "lawyer's cases." (5) Give the argument of this essay as concisely as possible.

ADDISON'S ESSAYS

Scene of Country Etiquette (page 59).—(1) Explain "justice of the quorum," "the young Templar," "the stand of the stairs," "common conjuror," "did not take the latter." (2) Comment upon the personal names in the letter of John Thrifty. (3) Show at what points Addison is most ironical. (4) Name the visitors in the proper order of precedence. (5) What were the "coffee-houses" of the period? (6) What is Addison quizzing in this essay, and who is in secret sympathy with him?

The Political Upholsterer (page 62).—(1) Compare the method of introduction of this essay with that of

Questions and Exercises

the preceding essay. (2) What was happening on the Continent at this time? (3) Explain "first minister," "sitting upon the ministry," "received five shillings of you to give you a hundred pounds," "tie up the knocker." (4) Why did the upholsterer call at such an untimely hour? (5) What did this upholsterer furnish? (6) How early in the day can you now hear "the late good news" and the rest?

Frozen Voices (page 66).—(1) What is the "Aunt Sally" of Addison's satire in this essay? (2) Is this paper an "essay" in the meaning of the term as fixed by Montaigne? (3) What do you consider the most amusing parts of the paper? (4) How can we now "congeal" the human voice? (5) Test the truth of "the letter S which occurs so frequently in the English tongue." (6) How does Addison avoid calling Mandeville a liar? (7) Does Addison pretend that his story is to be found in the works of Mandeville or Pinto? (8) Try to describe radio in a way which would have astonished Addison or perhaps even Mandeville. (9) In what part of this essay does the writer pay himself a delicate compliment?

On Shop Signs (page 71).—(1) In what sense is the word "projector" now used? (2) How did Addison use it? (3) Explain "petty enormities," "his own coat," "to quarter it." (4) Modernize the sentence "For want . . . become visible" in the first paragraph of the letter. (5) Name any inn-signs known to you. (6) What ideas may lie behind some of the curious signs of which the projector makes fun? (7) Invent signs to meet the ideas of the fourth and fifth paragraphs of the letter.

Party Patches (page 75).—(1) Can you tell from this essay which was the Whig and which the Tory side of the face? (2) Do you consider that Addison's satire on women is a little splenetic? Discuss. (3) What can be gathered from this essay about play-going customs of the period? (4) Would the men of Addison's time agree with his opinion in the paragraph beginning "I have in former papers"? (5) What would the women think of it? (6) Do you consider that Addison in this essay loses his light satirical touch and delicate humour? Discuss.

On the Cries of London (page 79).—(1) Why did

Questions and Exercises

Ralph Crotchet write to "Mr. Spectator"? (2) Who were Sir Roger and Will Honeycomb? (3) Collect the information here given about the noises of London streets in Addison's day. (4) Which of the cries are least objectionable to Addison? (5) Would Crotchet's reforms have made London quieter? (6) Try to write a Crotchet letter about the town noises of to-day.

A Citizen's Diary (page 84).—(1) Why has this essay been called a "lay sermon"? (2) What can the lay preacher do which an ordinary preacher rarely, if ever, does? (3) What information about the customs of the period can be gathered from this fatuous diary? (4) Suggest how the "journalist" might have more profitably employed his time. (5) Whose course of life does Addison appear to recommend in his conclusion?

Visit to the Royal Exchange (page 89).—(1) What government office held by Addison would make him interested in the doings of the merchants? (2) What effect would this interest have upon his mental and social outlook? (3) When was some money sent to Addison at Grand Cairo? (4) Find a phrase that makes a good explanation of "exports and imports," and another phrase which modestly sums up Addison's relation to mankind. (5) How does Addison dispose of national self-sufficiency? (6) Examine a few common objects or foods and drinks, and trace the geographical origins of their parts. (7) Modernize Addison's list of the exchanges of commodities by adding some results of commerce which would have surprised him. (8) Which ancient king of our country would best suit the rôle described in the last paragraph? (9) Show from this same paragraph that Addison was fully aware of a great social change which had taken place in England since the Middle Ages.

Sir Roger at Home (page 93).—(1) Explain "form several of my ensuing speculations," "engages everybody to him," "insulted with Latin and Greek," "practical divinity," "the discourses he pronounced," "endeavour after a handsome elocution." (2) Where is the first touch of delicate humour and exhibition of Sir Roger's "singularity of behaviour" in this essay? (3) What is your opinion of Sir Roger's "idiosyncrasy" as applied to sermons? (4) What would be the chaplain's probable

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reactions to Sir Roger's arrangement? (5) What was Addison's obvious opinion of rural preaching? (6) Was he encouraging laziness on the part of the parson?

Sir Roger at the Assizes (page 98).—(1) Compare Addison's beginning of this paper with that of a few others from his pen. (2) Select a few words and phrases of peculiar usage from this essay. (3) What rare compliment does Sir Roger pay the man who was "just within the Game Act"? (4) Does Addison hint that Sir Roger was conceited in his behaviour in the court? Give reasons. (5) Give an instance of Sir Roger's tact in dealing with his subordinates. (6) Who would not find the day's proceedings as pleasant as did Sir Roger and his companions?

Death of Sir Roger (page 102).—(1) Would we now use the construction "I question not but"? If not, how would the meaning be rendered? (2) Why was the Whig J.P. satirical about Sir Roger? (3) Which do you consider the most touching parts of the butler's letter? (4) What does Addison mean by "the poor butler's manner of writing (the letter)"? (5) What had Sir Roger been probably discussing with Sir Andrew Freeport? (6) What was Addison's exact position in the great social change which was taking place in England, namely, the passing of the control of the squires and the rise of the commercial classes?

The Vision of Mirza (page 106).—(1) Is the first paragraph to be taken literally apart from Addison's visit to Cairo which he saw on his tour after leaving Oxford (see page 56)? (2) What are the literary characteristics of the second paragraph of this essay? (3) Show that Addison here departs from his usual method of essay writing. (4) Does the reader miss the usual punctuation in the conversational passages of this essay? Discuss. (5) What is the meaning of the black cloud at each end of the bridge? (6) What hint do we get, in the description of the bridge, about the rate of infant mortality in Addison's time? (7) Who were the persons with scimitars? (8) Who were those "in pursuit of baubles"? (9) What was the idea of heaven sketched in this essay? (10) Why does Addison not raise the cloud on one side of the wall of adamant, and why is that wall said to be of so hard a character? (11) What are the

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lessons to be drawn from this long sermon ? (12) Does the essayist lapse into sentimentality or gloss over what he considers to be the truth ?

GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS

The Man in Black (page 115).—(1) Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* was a series of letters or essays supposed to have been written by a Chinese philosopher studying Western society in London to a friend at home. What precedent had the author in grouping a series of essays in this manner ? (2) What personal qualities does Goldsmith show in this supposed portrait of his father ? (3) Compare the first paragraph of this essay with the first paragraph of "Sir Roger at the Assizes" (page 98), and say whether you think Goldsmith had studied Addison. Discuss. (4) Read this essay aloud to test Goldsmith's ease of expression. (5) Compare the typical Goldsmithian sentence with the Baconian. (6) In what manner does Goldsmith reveal his own nature in this incomparable essay ?

Beau Tibbs (page 119).—(1) This is another essay from *The Citizen*. Who is the "I" of the first sentence ? (2) Give the simple sense of the first paragraph in about forty words. (3) Using the third section of this essay, explain what was meant by a "beau." (Consult pictures of the period.*) (4) Show that the fourth section justifies the "looks of infinite pity" on the part of the writer's supposed "companion." (5) Explain the phrases "a coffee-house acquaintance," "the gravity of (old age) is incomparable (*i.e.* incompatible) with buffoonery," "a bugbear to fright children into duty," "temple-spectacles," "the length of the whole Mall," "walks a minuet," "outlets of the town," "there's the true keeping in it," "that would be mechanical," "that is country all over," (6) When does Tibbs usually employ his favourite phrase "let that be a secret" ? (7) Would the "infinite pity" of the Chinaman's companion have been extended to Mrs. Tibbs, and why ? (8) How was Gold-

* See *British Costume*, by Mrs. C. H. Ashdown (Jack), pp. 313-321, or any prints from Hogarth's pictures, or any fully illustrated history book.

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smith well qualified to describe scenes of would-be genteel poverty?

The Philosophic Cobbler (page 127).—(1) Write a note on the town amusements of Goldsmith's period. (2) Who is more pictorial in his method, Goldsmith or Addison? (3) Show that Goldsmith was one of the first journalistic interviewers. (4) Is this essay as satisfying as, say, "Beau Tibbs"? Discuss.

English Characteristics (page 130).—(1) Write, shortly, your own impressions of the influence of our climate upon the national character. (2) Explain the passage about simpling on page 130, after investigating herbalism in dictionary and encyclopædia. (3) Is the "Chinaman" assuming the aristocratic or the popular pose? Discuss. (4) Has the observer any justification for his criticisms of "the poor"? (5) Select a few epigrammatic sentences. (6) Discuss the substance of the paragraph "But to recompense . . . kindred storm" in the light of events in the Second World War. (7) Has there been any improvement in general behaviour since the time of Goldsmith? (8) Do you think that the essayist proves the truth of his assertion made at the beginning of his paper?

An Election (page 133).—(1) About how long before the time of Parliamentary Reform was this essay written? (2) Find out by research something about the Corrupt Practices Act. (3) Which author of a later time has described an election? (4) Connect the eating habits of the English with the proposed theme of the essay "English Characteristics." (5) Select a few unforgettable phrases from this essay. (6) Compare Goldsmith, Addison, and Bacon with regard to their quotations from other authors.

Adventures of a Strolling Player (page 136).—(1) What personal experiences of Goldsmith provided most of the material for this essay? (2) Do you think Bacon or Addison would have dealt with this subject as Goldsmith did? If not, indicate how they would have described the strolling player. (3) Point out any indications of satire in this essay. (4) Why did the strolling player prolong his story? (5) Where does Goldsmith, by the mouth of the player, criticise the players of his time, and with what faults does he charge them? (6)

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Comment upon the nature of the conclusion of this play.

The Characteristics of Greatness (page 146).—(1) This essay is from *The Bee*, a short-lived paper started by the author which contains a good deal of work of a closely-packed sententious character. Of which essayist in this book does this paper remind you? (2) Show that the American phrase, "hitch your wagon to a star," forms a good précis of the first sentence of this essay. (3) Why had Goldsmith greater excuse for quoting in Latin than a modern essayist? (4) What charge does Goldsmith bring against his own period in the second paragraph of this essay? (5) Show that Goldsmith was not one of those writers "who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought or a new expression." (6) Show that Goldsmith's inquiry in this essay is narrowed down by his own personal interests, and suggest a more fitting title for the paper.

A City Night-Piece (page 149).—(1) Make an attempt to rewrite a portion of this essay in the measure of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, e.g.:

Sweet Autumn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

(2) Paraphrase the second paragraph of the essay. (3) Give examples of cities which have declined or been demolished and almost forgotten. (4) What reasons does Goldsmith offer for the fall of such cities? (5) What is meant by "no longer wear their daily mask"? (6) Do our modern cities deserve all the reproaches of the paragraph beginning "But who are those"? (7) Comment upon "Every law . . . enemy to them." (8) How would Goldsmith have probably used great wealth?

The Fame Machine (page 151).—(1) What previous essay is recalled by the first paragraph? (2) Does the present age praise only the deceased writers? Discuss frankly, not forgetting the power of modern advertising. (3) What sound idea lies behind the approbation given to past writers? (4) Find an unusually cynical sentence in the second paragraph. (5) How would you guess that Goldsmith had been treated by reviewers and the reading public? (6) What new literary departures had Goldsmith made? (7) What is meant by "to eke out the

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present page," "the vanity whim"? (8) What could be said about each of the writers who had been taken to the temple (page 153)? (9) Try to write a continuation of this essay, giving Goldsmith as "luggage" all his later works which have since won him fame. (10) Does Johnson's modern repute rest upon the *Rambler*? If not, upon what do you think it does rest? (11) Whom or what does Goldsmith intend the coachman to represent? (12) Paraphrase Goldsmith's idea on the influence of authors from the last paragraph but one. (13) Make up a list of modern authors whom you consider deserving of a place in the coach.

History of a Poet's Garden (page 159).—(1) Explain "he feels more in expectance than in actual fruition," "the Genius of the place," "pristine beauty," "impressed with the characters," "a natural sylvage." (2) Paraphrase the paragraph beginning "You see, in the place before you." (3) What does the essayist think that Shenstone ought to have done with his inheritance? (4) In what sense does Goldsmith use the words "taste" and "improvement"?

LAMB'S ESSAYS

The Old Benchers (page 166).—(1) Write a note on Samuel Salt and his relationship with Charles Lamb. (2) What does Lamb mean by "her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters," and "seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades"? (3) How could a shepherd carve out a dial "quaintly in the sun"? (4) Express, in your own words, Lamb's plea for (a) sun-dials, (b) carved fountains. (5) Show that Lamb is excellent at a word picture. (6) Explain "those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianised the end of the Paper-buildings—my first hint of allegory!" (7) Which do you consider the finest pen-portrait in this essay? (8) What idea of the writer's character is conveyed to you by this paper? (9) Give, in your own words, the general sense of the last paragraph. (10) In what spirit does Elia apologize in his postscript to R. N.? (11) Quote an eloquent plea from this essay which shows that Lamb

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would have made a good advocate—but for his impediment!

My Relations (page 180).—(1) Paraphrase the passage, "In such a compass of time . . . look upon himself." (2) Explain, "single blessedness had soured to the world," "*matins* and *complines*," "extraordinary at a *repartee*," "the prerogatives which primogeniture confers," "grand climateric," "phlegm of my cousin's doctrine," "chary of his person," "short stages that ply for the western road," "Consonantly enough to this," "successive lowering ascriptions of filiation," "black-balled out of a society." (3) Why does Elia call his brother and sister his cousins? (4) Show that by modern practice Lamb is occasionally obscure. (5) Sum up Elia's opinion of James. (6) From what sources does Lamb draw most of his quotations? (7) Prove that Lamb was as competent a connoisseur as James E.

Mackery End, in Hertfordshire (page 189).—(1) Show that Lamb had a large share of the gentle irony that is one of Addison's chief characteristics. (2) Explain, "dissembling a tone in my voice," "a thing of moment," "stuff of the conscience," "female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments," "behind her years," "scriptural cousins," "words written in lemon." (3) With which of the kinds of literature mentioned on page 190 are you in sympathy? (4) Give Lamb's opinion on reading for girls. (5) Where had B. F. gone? (6) Show how appropriate is the following quotation from Coleridge:

My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature; many a year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity.

The Lime-Tree Bower.

Christ's Hospital (page 196).—(1) What is the nature of Lamb's make-believe in the first paragraph? (2) What would the sub-treasurer have explained? (3) Explain, "smacking of the pitched leathern jack," "three banyan days," "strong as *caro equina*," "rotten-roasted or rare," "tempting grisken," "of higher regale . . . Tishbite," "a prescriptive title to admission," "expiating some

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maturer offence in the hulks," "petty Nero," "g(h)oul," "parenthesis called cat-cradles," "exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp." (4) Show that Lamb had the advantages of both day and boarding school. (5) What were his objections to the methods of Christ's Hospital in his time? (6) Who was L.'s "governor"? (7) Where does the writer's anger make him almost incoherent? (8) Who became the most noteworthy of Lamb's school associates? (9) What subjects were "taught" at the school? (10) Did the writer learn as little as he pretends? (*N.B.*—Lamb left school with a good reputation for scholarship.) (11) Paraphrase the paragraph, "Once, and but once . . . was unavoidable." (12) What kind of book knowledge does Lamb assume his readers to possess? (13) Give, in your own words, Lamb's account of Coleridge. (14) Which early digression in this essay may apply to Coleridge, who came from a Devonshire rectory? (15) What makes this essay so difficult for the ordinary modern reader?

The South-Sea House (page 213).—(1) What was the nature of the business carried on at the South-Sea House before the "Bubble," which is described in the history of the reign of George I.? (2) Explain "Vaux's superhuman plot," "old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings," "gone retrograde," "Cambro-Briton," "the worthy descendants. . . . Seven Dials!" "unfortunate house of Derwentwater," "a concert of 'sweet breasts,'" "Lord Midas," "Fortinbras . . . straw," "some quirk that left a sting," "tones worthy of Arden . . . banished Duke." (3) What is the writer's general attitude towards the people he is describing? (4) Is "cowardice" the right word to use in connection with Tipp? (5) Who was Tipp? (6) How many of the historic names (paragraph about Henry Man) are known to you, and for what? (7) What does Elia call his irony near the end of the essay?

Oxford in the Vacation (page 223).—(1) What would Lamb probably have become if he had gone to Oxford, and should we then have had the *Essays of Elia*? (2) In what sense is the paragraph "Well, I do agnize, etc." a masterly example of "inversion"? (3) What were Lamb's writing habits? (4) Consult the calendar in the beginning of the book of Common Prayer, remembering

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that in the older editions certain Saints' Days were printed (rubricated) in red. Then read the paragraph beginning "Not that, etc." (5) Explain, "consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner," "notched and cropt scrivener," "enfranchised quill," "Joseph's vest," "red-letter days," "*better Jude* with Simon," "fetch up past opportunities," "pay a devoir to some Founder," "overlooked beadsman," "dark ages," "sciential apples . . . orchard," "Herculanean raker," "new-coat him in Russia," "priority of foundation," "cosphered with Plato." (6) Why had Lamb gone to Oxford, and what advantage did he gain by going during vacation? (7) What great English book is referred to at the end of the essay? (8) What new ideas are gathered from this essay on the essayist's own character and outlook?

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig (page 232).—(1) In what spirit is this essay written? (2) What is the difference between broiling and roasting? (3) Explain, "mast for his hogs," "younkers," "a premonitory . . . nether lip," "crackling," "assize town," "simultaneous verdict," "exterior ligament," "ambrosian result," "nice in their method," "intenerating and dulcifying a substance," "barbecue your whole hogs." (4) Discuss—"Is this popular essay (a) overrated, (b) paltry in subject, (c) garrulous?"

The Superannuated Man (page 240).—(1) Why did such a gifted author as Charles Lamb continue in his dull office task for so long? (2) What does Lamb mention about London streets which would not be found there to-day? (3) What does Lamb mean by an "emancipated" apprentice? (4) Under what disguises does Lamb speak of (i) the India House, (ii) the directors? (5) What would probably have happened to Lamb if he had not been retired at fifty? (6) In what way does Lamb warn the pensioner? (7) Explain, "I know that my resources are sufficient." (8) Show that retirement taught Lamb (too late) to appreciate his old holidays. (9) Why did Lamb speak of the "firm" of Boldero, etc., instead of the East India Company, who were his real employers? (10) He retired in 1825, and in 1857 the East India Company ceased to have any control over Indian affairs. How do these facts apply to Lamb's "*Esto perpetua!*" (May the "firm" live for ever)? (11) Did Lamb get

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his "ten next years"? (12) What effect had Lamb's retirement upon his ideas of the restraints from which he was now quite free? (See the section beginning, "To dissipate this awkward feeling.") (13) Explain, "I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world." (14) What did Lamb achieve during his retirement which has outlived him?

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